THE SPHERE

Vol. CXL
No. 1832

WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED THE GRAPHIC

MARCH 2
1935

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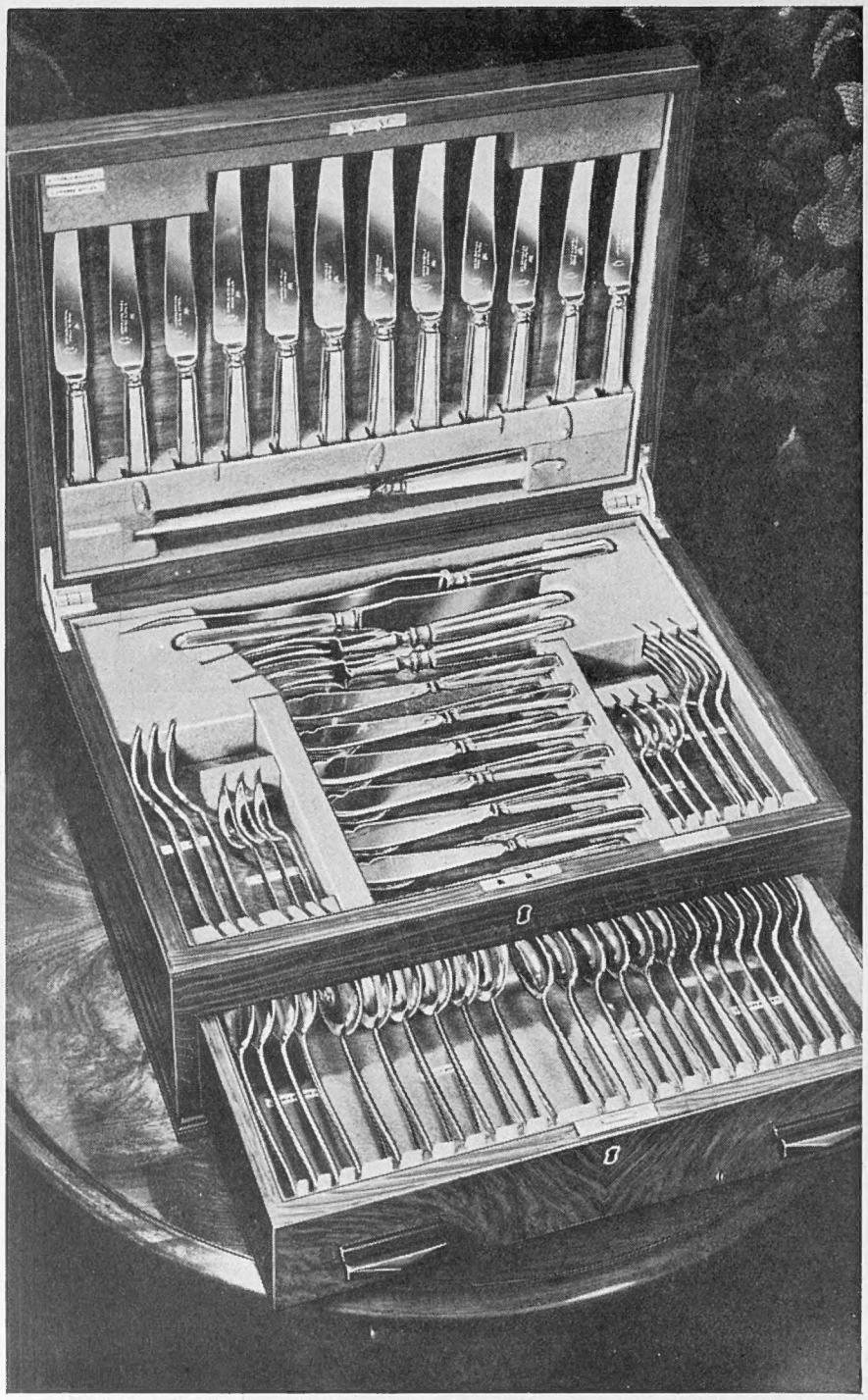

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4 Table Spoons
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A MULTITUDE OF DOGS

The Romans called them "Canaria"—from their multitude of dogs. We call them the Canary Isles. There is a beautiful drawing of them amongst those in the Orient Line Travel Book. Please write, call or telephone for a copy—at any of these addresses—

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Managers: Anderson, Green & Co., Ltd., 5 Fenchurch Avenue, London, E.C.3. West End Offices: 14 Cockspur Street, S.W.1 & No. 1 Australia House, Strand, W.C.2. Tel. MAN 3456, WHI 6981, TEM 2258.

THE SPHERE

With which is incorporated "THE GRAPHIC"

The Empire's Illustrated Weekly

London, March 2, 1935

A Flying Honeymoon in the West Indies

The Duke and Duchess of Kent Being Welcomed by the Governor after Landing at San Juan, Porto Rico

The Duke and Duchess of Kent, who will soon be home again, spent the second part of their honeymoon on a flight across the Caribbean Sea between the various West Indian Islands. Everywhere they went, whether in British or foreign territory, they were enthusiastically received, and at each place of call thousands turned out to greet them. They arrived at Port of Spain, Trinidad, on February 10, and, after a three days' stay, flew on to San Juan, Porto Rico, in a Pan-American Airways machine. They were escorted over the city by six 'planes of the United States Marine Corps and, as this picture shows, were greeted on arrival by the Governor. On February 14 they crossed by seaplane to Port au Prince, Haiti, a distance of 400 miles, where they met members of the Government and representatives of the British Consulate, while on the 16th they landed at Kingston, Jamaica, and immediately left for a fortnight's stay in the interior of the island. The tour appears to have been highly strenuous, but the arrangements for the flights were so well planned that the Royal couple were able to make the trip without undue fatigue

Postage—Inland, 1½d.; Canada and Newfoundland, 1½d.; Elsewhere Abroad, 2½d.

OVER THE TOP: One of the huge lions heads, which usually adorns the river side of the Thames Embankment, being removed for repairs as it was found to have been damaged by the action of the tides

346, STRAND, W.C.,
Wednesday, February 27, 1935.

THAT GENERAL ELECTION.

—Mr. Baldwin told Chelsea last week (and Chelsea told the world) that that General Election is not in sight—not even in contemplation. It will come when it must, not before. Why should it come when: The Government has still an enormous and hardly-shaken majority; is going great guns and smashing with them everywhere the obstacles to progress; when party government is still vital and the Conservative Party, standing alone, could not hope to obtain a working majority; and finally, when the very whisper of the words "General Election" gives wings to millions of good foreign money invested in this country? Mr. Baldwin's argument is unassailable by those who share his opinion. The sire of this ungainly foal named "General Election" is that untrustworthy sire "Imagination" (which should never have been withdrawn to stud), and the dam is that uncertain-tempered mare "Hysteria" (which never won a classic race). But "National Government" is a classic winner (by "Good Will" out of "Patriotism"), and, as long as it has legs to stand on, it will be raced against "Crazy Pavement" (by "Labour Leader" out of "Office") and will assuredly leave that plater down the course. In a word—get on with it; close the ranks; dismiss thoughts and sleep quietly in your beds.

SPIDERS AND FLY!—

Regional pacts are the ticket, in the view of Moscow. Only by these expedients can peace in Europe be attained at the present juncture and in the present temper of Europe. Of these pacts of localized protection and non-aggression there are three principal ones, which, though localized, cut each other's circles. The key to securing the full value from the sum of them is Germany, because Germany is a vital signatory to more than one of the pacts of first importance. And the danger lies in the possibility that Germany will continue obstinately to regard invitations to enter these agreements as invitations from greedy and cunning spiders to a lonely blue-bottle. How is this suspicion to be removed? The Soviet believes in fair words carefully arranged by methods of logic. Russia, once more an active member of the League, admits an increasing interest in European affairs. She confesses her anxiety at the possibility of "encirclement" with the Far Eastern menace and puzzle on one side of her, and an (until lately) un-wooed Europe on the other, and she does not deny that the Eastern Pact is therefore of vital importance to her. But she urges Germany not to regard it as a veiled alliance of Russia with France. It may give a measure of security to Russia on the western side, but implies no menace to any European nation. If Germany fears encirclement also, she can best remove her anxiety by joining the Eastern Pact on equal terms. That would give her a working understanding with the Little Entente also. In the Western Air Pact Russia claims no direct interest. That is Russia's explanatory covering note to her invitation to Germany to take a direct interest in each of the three main pacts, the Eastern, the Western Air, and the Danubian. Not only France and Italy, but Russia and Germany are now, I believe, persuaded at last of two things, that Britain's endeavours towards European peace are free from all undisclosed motives of individual diplomacy, and are solely actuated by the broadest aspirations for world peace, and that—the purity of our motives being accepted—Britain is to-day by far the most effective ambassador for peace in Europe. Therefore Sir John Simon will shortly be going on his travels again, with a through ticket to Moscow, allowing a break at Berlin.

THE PRINCE — TRAVEL AGENT.

—If the Prince has done nothing else by interrupting his return, from his ski-ing holiday, at Vienna and Budapest, he has put back Austria and the Danubian States on the travel-map of cautious or timid tourists, for which favour the Danubians will bless him. To the timid the long silence in Austria, following those frightful outbursts of barbarism before and after Dollfuss' murder, brought the idea that anything might happen at any moment in Vienna and thereabouts. The less timid tourist of course knows perfectly well that John Citizen is as safe and comfortable and well fed and protected in Vienna as anywhere else, and that he can go there with his wife and brats, and drink in the peculiar delights of Vienna through mouth, ears, and eyes. But it needs a Prince to persuade the cautious. As a matter of fact the Prince has done much more. He has enormously increased his first-hand experience of housing needs and of the latest perfections in working class domestic amenities. In these vital problems Europe can teach Britain any amount of valuable lessons still. And I should say that Austria and Holland are in the first flight of the nations which have grappled the housing problem with real insight, sympathy and practical efficiency amounting to genius.

WHOLE-TIME JOBS.

—That to be a Member of Parliament is in these days a whole-time job (not over-remunerated at £400 per annum) is an opinion growing among M.P.s. In old days it was an ideal and more or less obvious duty to be combined with land ownership. But the management of estates, combined with the usual local public service, is also become a whole-time job. Lord Weymouth has now followed the example of Lord Dalkeith and announced that he will not seek re-election. They are both of them eldest sons of big landowners whose fathers have wisely handed over and delegated a share of their estates and responsibilities to their heirs. The Buccleuch estates in the Border country are still enormous and Lord Dalkeith has for years done any amount of local work as well as hunting the Buccleuch Hounds. Lord Weymouth is also very active in local affairs in Wiltshire and in Somersetshire. Although constituencies differ widely in the demands they make on their representatives in Parliament, it is fair to say that no man can adequately combine the two jobs under discussion, and that both of them to-day give an exceedingly poor return for the labour expended on them. Not that I favour raising the salaries of M.P.s. I think that their practical value to the constituencies they represent is already adequately assessed in terms of money. But that is because the system and practice of Parliament largely nullifies the usefulness of the most hardworking and efficient M.P.—to his constituency.

A LONDON

"SAMSON AGONISTES": The Oxford crew engaged in a practice row at Henley in prepara from the left is P. R. S. Bankes, who weighs 14 stone 5 lb. and is probably the strongest he has smashed six oars

SOME FACTS ABOUT WHISKY.

—As soon as Budget day is announced, rumour gets busy with coming concessions to over-burdened industries. One such rumour envisages a drastic reduction in the duty on whisky. If you trouble to table some facts about whisky and its burdens to-day, you will agree with me that in this Budget or the next something really must be done for whisky. Listen and perpend. At the outbreak of war the home-made spirit duty stood at 14s. 9d. per proof gallon, and the home consumption was 28,000,000 gallons per annum. In 1918 the duty was increased to 30s., in 1919 to 50s., and in 1920 to 72s. 6d. The value of the whisky you buy is not to-day a factor in the price you pay. It is lost, vanished in an ocean of excise duty. But observe; this crippling taxation has utterly defeated its object. The Chancellor when he increased the duty in 1920 to 70s. anticipated an increased revenue of £22,500,000 (making £64,500,000 per annum). It completely failed, the estimate was too high by £10,000,000. The figures since then are startling. In 1919–20 production of proof gallons was 18,000,000; excise duty, 50s.; net excise receipts on home made, £42,000,000. In 1920–21 production was 15,500,000; duty, 72s. 6d.; excise receipts, £53,000,000. In 1933–4, consumption had dropped to 8,000,000, the duty had been continuously 72s. 6d., and the excise receipts had fallen from £53,000,000 to £29,000,000—a drop of £35,000,000 per annum from the Chancellor's confident estimate of his harvest from whisky duty in 1920! Of course, other economic causes have helped to make whisky consumption decline. It is a rich man's drink (but it is undesirable that those who need spirits should be forced back on methylated). The distilleries of Scotland show the position. There are one-third as many at work to-day as in 1914. Scottish barley producers have had to be propped up, so desperate their position became. Coopers, coppersmiths, and bottle-makers have all suffered. But no, my heart doesn't bleed for the bottlemakers. It bleeds for the national drink of Scotland, so monstrously butchered to make a (faulty) Budget estimate.

STAINED GLASS WINDOWS.

—If the Bishop of Bristol was not very inadequately reported, his sweeping denunciation of stained glass windows in churches requires some modification on sober reflection. He is reported to have said that he "wished stained glass windows were never invented." Put like that, it is a merely petulant utterance as who should say, looking at a neo-post-impressionist study which he did not understand, "I wish painting had never been invented." What I am sure he intended to express was a dislike of dark churches, of crude and heavy attempts to carry on the great traditions of the art of stained glass, and of the absurdity of shutting out the sunlight to replace it with artificial. But his sweeping denunciation condemns some of the most inspiring and loveliest works of art in creation. It is a pundit, bold to foolishness, who ventures to condemn such glories as are to be found in York, Wells, Westminster, and Oxford (to name but a few treasuries of the art). Yet, with reservations, the Bishop's denunciation is a commonplace undisputed. The glory of the

NEWSLETTER

old craft is everywhere best revealed in the upper parts of cathedrals and churches great and small. From the heights alone should a dim, religious light emanate, and there can be no one who disagrees with the Bishop's view that the sunlight and the green trees and the sky are a better, healthier, and happier religious environment than the crude purples and crimsons which clothe angular saints and Victorian ancestors. But bishops, if they wish to be taken seriously, should think before they speak or at the best give a typescript of their utterances to the young gentlemen of the pen.

DEMI-GODS AND DICTATORS—IN WAX.—Berlin is to borrow from London one of London's particular shows. A waxwork exhibition on the lines of Tussaud (but lacking a self-styled Chamber of Horrors) which Berlin is to borrow from London. In my view, the waxwork show has had a profound influence on our race politically and socially. But no one else (unless Max Beerbohm) has observed its tremendous significance. It has enabled us to keep free from a dangerous state of hero-worship, to keep our sense of proportion and of humour in regard to our national heroes—a very salutary and healthy restriction. In the dark ages the waxen figure was moulded for a definite purpose, to reduce its proportions in the mind of a betrayed and abandoned fair one. She would apply a taper to the figure, and behold! her trouble disappeared in absurdity. "What have you done with your waxen-man, Sister Helen?" She had done wisely. She had melted him into thin air and was free at last to initiate another and no doubt more successful campaign. And Londoners for centuries have adjusted their values of national heroes and kept their sense of humour by occasional visits to Baker Street. For nothing is less natural than a dead king or statesman in wax, and yet nothing so convinces one of the human frailty of the great figures in history—one might even say the absurdity of their human frailty.

WAXING AND WANING.—That is why I have such hopes of this Berlin "Tussaud's." Who knows? Germany may thereby regain her sense of humour and proportion in relation to her national traditions, her demi-gods, and dictators. The first stage is to translate her men of blood and iron into men of wax—the second to apply a match (figuratively speaking) to the effigies and so to reduce them to reasonable proportions, as we have always done in England. Foreigners are not to be entirely excluded from the show. Representative British giants have already passed the Berlin censors. Sir Oswald Mosley and Mr. Lloyd George will hold the fort for Britain. Mussolini for Italy? It is not yet settled. Nor is it yet decided whether Hitler, Göring, and Goebbels will be moulded slightly larger than life-size to give them a start in the race for popular admiration over the gods and demi-gods of German mythology. Even if not necessary, it might be diplomatic to do so. But these are mere details for final adjustment. What is important is that the giants of to-day and yesterday in German history should be translated into that flexible material—wax, and the match of sane proportion and sense of humour be applied to their extremities.

on for the Boat Race. Fourth an in the boat. During training

is to be installed in Unter den Linden this summer. In the national section naturally only such personalities as are worthy to represent German history and her cultural and spiritual life will be allowed in. There will be demi-gods and dictators, including men of blood and iron provided of course their blood is pure. The whole history of waxwork figures is wrapped in mystery. Our own London collections originated in funeral customs. Of these the first was that at the Abbey, which collected its exhibits from the moulds of dead kings drawn through the streets on or behind the coffins, decked out in royal robes and orders. The Abbey Peep Show became a popular feature in the eighteenth century when it was known as "the ragged regiment." It then included Edward I, Henry V and VII, Elizabeth, James I, Cromwell, William and Mary, and Anne. Another famous collection was started in Fleet Street in 1650 by Mrs. Salmon. Her figures moved their limbs and were very life-like. Madame Tussaud began her show in Paris in 1780, modelling heads severed on the scaffold. She moved to London in 1802 and has gone on from strength to strength. That in brief is the history of a movement

THE AUSTRIAN FEDERAL CHANCELLOR IN LONDON: Herr von Schuschnigg acknowledging greetings on his arrival at Victoria Station last Sunday evening. During his stay he met the leading members of the Government, and is reported to have discussed with them the proposed pact for the preservation of his country's independence. The rumour that he wished to negotiate a new loan is said to have been unfounded

TO PRESERVE HASLEMERE.—Haslemere and District most successfully launched last week their Preservation Society, the latest local body to be affiliated to the C.P.R.E. to organise local public opinion to discourage and prevent by diplomatic means all senseless vandalism and bad taste in development which threatens to destroy past repair that lovely district. Lord Ponsonby presided, Mr. Guy Dawber, President of the C.P.R.E., rose from a sick bed to address and give his blessing to the supporters who filled the large hall to capacity. Indeed the response and enthusiasm for the new society—and, as Lord Ponsonby remarked, there cannot be too many of them—was remarkable. It has not come too soon. Haslemere and district had no more valuable asset commercially than the beauty of their surroundings, which have been rapidly and hideously destroyed in the past decade. Even now the approach to Blackdown is threatened by speculative building along the beautiful Tennyson's Lane, and the famous Town House in the High Street—home of the founder of Georgia—is threatened with destruction for commercial ends. It is, as I have said before, the commonsense duty of all (tradesmen and speculative builders imprimis) to support their local preservation society and National Trust Committee. The small subscriptions asked for, and so urgently needed, are an investment giving a 100 per cent. return.

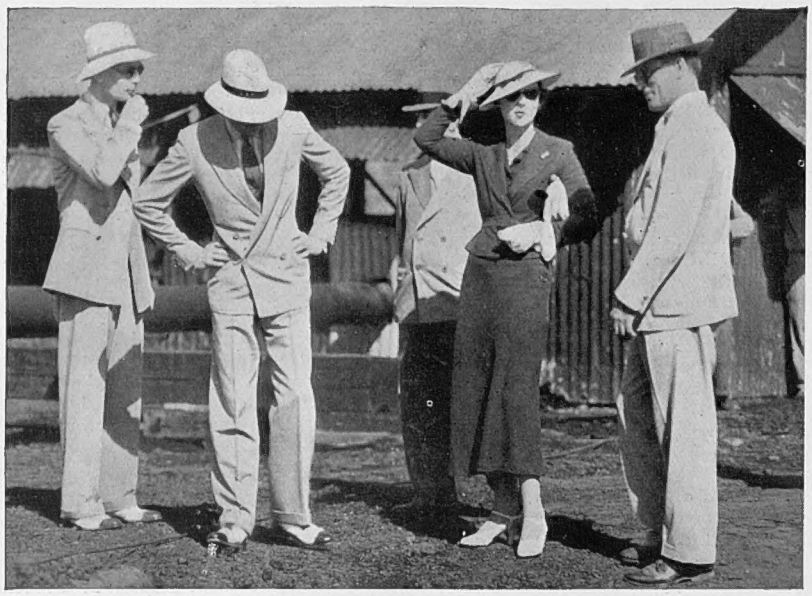
INDIA.—Last-minute news from India concerning the Princes' attitude to the Reform Bill was hailed by the die-hards as a facer for Sir Samuel. It was difficult for an outsider or non-partisan to see why.

THE OLD STAGER

"SANDERS OF THE RIVER."—One of the most important British film *premières* of the year is to take place on April 2, when *Sanders of the River*—a picture based on the well-known novel by Edgar Wallace—will be presented at the Leicester Square Theatre and the proceeds will be given to that deserving charity, the Newspaper Press Fund. The leading players are Leslie Banks, Paul Robeson, Joan Gardner, and Nina Mae McKinney, and the film has taken nearly a year to make—four months of which were spent by the company on location in Africa. This particular production has been chosen as the feature of this charity gala performance, not only because it is an admirable effort to present a film of Empire significance but also because Edgar Wallace was so closely identified with the newspaper world. The Newspaper Press Fund, of which the King is patron, was founded in 1864, and in the seventy years of its existence has distributed £380,000 in grants and pensions. During the past four years the demands on the fund have exceeded income by £16,000, but it is hoped that as a result of the presentation of *Sanders of the River* a large part of this deficit will be recovered. Tickets, which range in price from 6s. to £10 10s., may be obtained from the usual agencies.

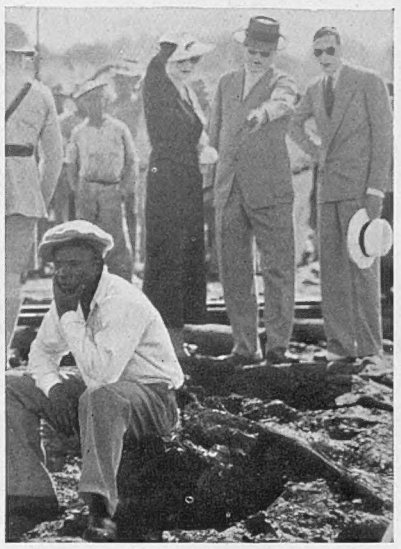
WASHING AWAY BITTERNESS BY THE VILLAGE PUMP: As a result of Sir Michael Sadler's prophecy that Oxford and Cambridge would decline within a decade and that some of the younger universities would take their place, the editors of *The Isis*, *The Cherwell*, *The Gownsman*, and *The Granta*, met on the village green at Sherington, Bucks, last Sunday, and swore an oath of eternal friendship and vowed "to lay the birch of long tradition on all other seats of learning." In this picture one of the undergraduates is seen making his speech

PASSING PAGEANT



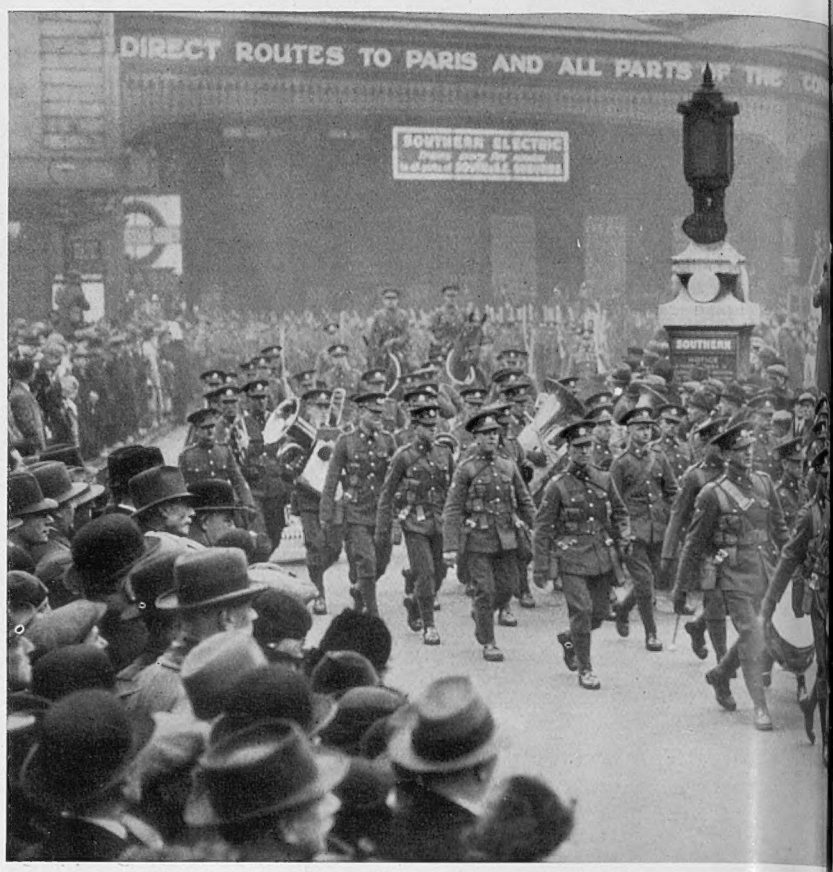
ROYAL SIGHTSEERS: Mr. C. L. Vandeburgh, the general manager of the Asphal Company, explaining the mysteries of the famous Pitch Lake to the Duke and Duchess of Kent who visited it during their stay in Trinidad at the beginning of their tour of the West Indies

IN A LAND OF ETERNAL SUMMER: The Duke and Duchess of Kent, both wearing dark glasses as a protection against the sun's glare, photographed as they were about to set out on a fishing expedition in Trinidad



Left—OUTWARD BOUND: The Duchess of Kent standing with the captain on the deck of the *Duchess of Richmond*, the Canadian Pacific liner in which she made the voyage to the West Indies. *Right*—A BROWN STUDY! This worker in the Trinidad Pitch Lake failed to recognize the Royal visitors. Hence his indifference

WAITING TO SHAKE HANDS WITH THE ROYAL COUPLE: Some of the 1,500 guests who attended the garden party given by Sir Claud Hollis, Governor of Trinidad and Tobago, in honour of the visit of the Duke and Duchess



AMBASSADORS OF GOODWILL: Men of the Essex Regiment, who were stationed in the their arrival back in London. They were given a great reception by the crowd which they did during

HIS MAJESTY RECEIVES: Officers leaving St. James's Palace after last week's levee which was particularly notable in that it marked the first State appearance of the King in his Silver Jubilee Year

ROYALTY AT THE BRITISH York, arriving at Olympia number of purchases. The Sir Edward Crowe

SUICIDE PACT: In this field near Upminster, Essex, the two daughters of Mr. Coert du Bois, the United States Consul-General at Naples, were found after they had thrown themselves from a Paris-bound air liner. The actual point of impact was close to some new villa residences. The girls are said to have been heartbroken at the death of two of the officers who were involved in the recent flying-boat disaster in Sicily

Home, Imperial, and Foreign Events in Pictures

Saar during and after the plebiscite, marching out of Victoria Station following turned out to greet them — fitting acknowledgment of the wonderful work their stay abroad

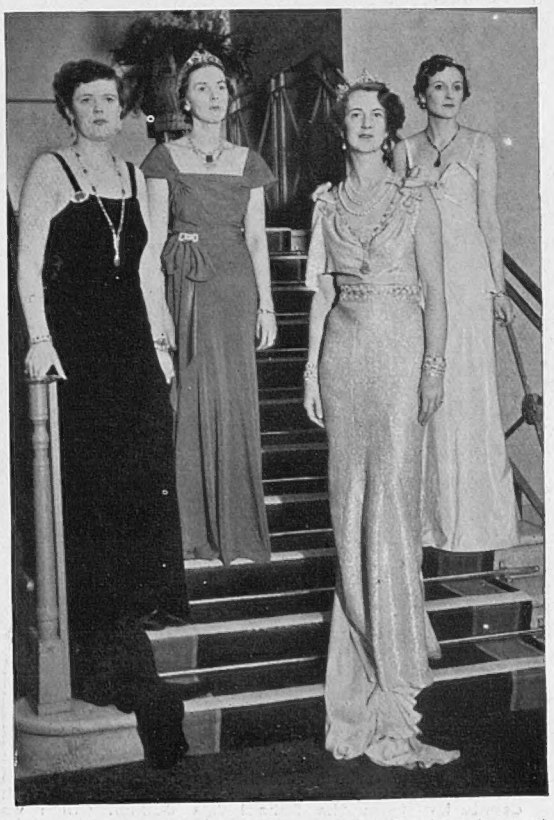
NDUSTRIES FAIR: The Queen, accompanied by the Duke and Duchess of where she made a 3½-hour tour of the stands and, as usual, made a large party was received by Mr. Runciman, President of the Board of Trade, and Comptroller-General of the Department of Overseas Trade

THE END OF A GREAT ADVENTURE Some of the English and American school children on board the S.S. *Tungchow* after they had been rescued from the pirates who had captured the vessel. The children were treated very well by their captors, and none of them was any the worse for their exciting experience

GASTRONOMIC CREATIONS IN A HOUSEWIFE'S PARADISE: The judges sampling some of the delicacies at the 34th Universal Cookery and Food Exhibition at the New Royal Horticultural Hall, Westminster. While such dishes as "Saddle of Roebuck with Chestnuts," "Decorated Crawfish Garnished," and "Chicken with Nests of Quails" were being shown on this table, in another part of the building were specimen dinners for four costing not more than five shillings, and other examples of culinary ingenuity

SCIENCE AIDS INDUSTRY: Representatives of the British Wool and Textile Industry watching a demonstration by Dr. H. A. Thomas at the Technical College, Bradford, of a new and revolutionary process of wool-dyeing

SAFE AND SOUND: Miss Grace Emblem, who recently obtained her release from the hands of Chinese bandits, seen at Southampton after her arrival back in England

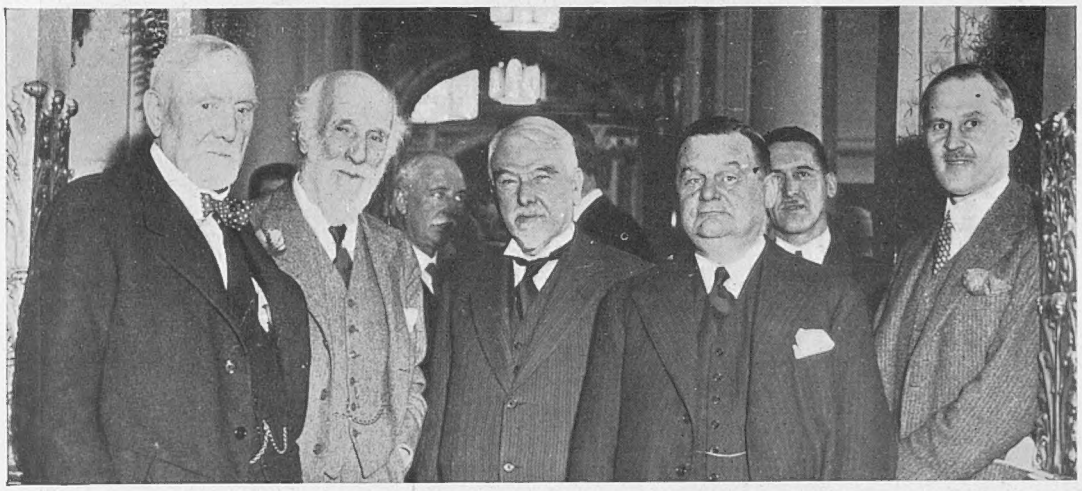


BEAUTY ADORNED: Lady Warrender (third from left) who took the part of the "Queen of Jewels" in the pageant presented at the British Industries Ball at Grosvenor House last Tuesday. Standing with her are her attendants

Personalities in the Limelight

PIPE MAJOR ROBERTSON of the Scots Guards, playing to the judges during the annual competition of the Piping Society of London which was held at the headquarters of the London Scottish. There were over 200 competitors

WEDDING BELLS AT WESTMINSTER: Miss Diana Chamberlain, only daughter of Sir Austen Chamberlain, and Mr. Arthur Terence Maxwell, only son of the late Brigadier-General Sir Arthur Maxwell, leaving St. Stephen's Chapel after their marriage last week



NOTABILITIES IN THE NORTH: A group taken at the Northumberland shipowners' luncheon at the Station Hotel, Newcastle. Left to right—Lord Runciman (chairman of the Moor Line), Lord Joicey, Mr. H. P. Everett, Mr. H. A. Haslam, and Captain W. A. Milburn

OUTSIDE No. 10: The Rev. Dr. Scott Lidgett, the veteran Methodist leader, and Lord Astor—two members of the deputation from the School Age Council which was received by the Prime Minister last week. They urged that the school leaving age should be raised from fourteen to fifteen. The whole question is now under review

THE CHANCE OF A LIFETIME: Mr. Gyles Isham, the young actor who is at present playing in *Family Affairs* at the Ambassadors, and who has just received a cable from Hollywood asking him to play the lead with Greta Garbo in her next film

HOME AGAIN: Sir Cedric and Lady Hardwicke and their little son pose for a picture on the deck of the *Berengaria* before disembarking at Southampton on their return from the United States a few days ago. Sir Cedric will shortly be appearing in a new play in the West End

A European Survey

The Funeral of the Flying Boat Disaster Victims, and Other Events

THE PRINCE OF WALES IN AUSTRIA: His Royal Highness in the grounds of the old Imperial Palace of Schönbrunn where he spent an afternoon during his recent stay in Vienna following his winter sports holiday at Kitzbuehel. While in the city he visited Herr Miklas, the Austrian President, and Herr von Schuschnigg, the Chancellor

COMMANDERS OF THE MIDDLE SEA: Admiral Sir William Fisher, C.-in-C. of the Mediterranean Fleet, talking to Air Commodore Rathbone, Air Officer Commanding the Mediterranean area, after the funeral in Malta of the victims of the flying boat disaster

LAID TO REST IN AN OUTPOST OF EMPIRE: Men of the Royal Air Force following in the funeral procession in Malta of the nine men who were killed in the recent disaster in Sicily, when an R.A.F. flying boat crashed on the mountainside in a dense fog and burst into flames. The bodies were brought to Malta in the cruiser *Durban*, and buried in the Royal Naval Cemetery

HOME FROM FOREIGN SERVICE: Prince Gustaf Adolf, the Swedish Crown Prince, addressing members of the Swedish contingent of the Saar International Force after they had returned to Stockholm on Wednesday of last week. The men were given a particularly cordial send-off on leaving German soil, and on arrival in their own country were welcomed by large and enthusiastic crowds

NEW YORK NEWS

A Letter from a Visitor to the American Metropolis Touching on Various Matters of Topical Interest

New York claims, with some justification, to be one of the Northern capitals of the world. But the fact is that she has not yet learned, even with the temporary aiding factor of a large number of workless men, how to dispose of a sudden heavy fall of snow. In consequence, under these recent Arctic conditions, street traffic, never very good, has been worse than ever, and most of us, deaf to the invitations of the radio-installed taxis to "Ride with Rhythm" over frozen snow, have donned our inevitable "rubbers" and have slithered our way to the nearest hole and gone underground.

Now no one will pretend that New York's subway system is anything but complicated. New Yorkers themselves, many years resident, will confess cheerfully that they often get lost on it; naturally the "hick" from Chicago, Nebraska, Memphis, or London, having once gained access to the whole subway line by dropping his nickel (five cents) in a slot and thus releasing the lever of a turnstile, feels distinctly like one of the babes in the wood.

But it is all great fun, and once you have found your way about and "gotten wise" to the intricacies of expresses as distinct from locals you will be able to appreciate the efficiency of the whole thing. Above all, you will be struck, if an habitué of London's tubes, with the discipline of the American public. A notice says "No Smoking," and there *is* no smoking, neither on steps, platforms, nor any single car throughout the whole subway system. Then there is ready and ubiquitous observance of the courtesy of allowing passengers to alight before entering the car, and, very noticeably, there is cleanliness.

The following notice is clamantly displayed in every subway car:—

> "Spitting on the floor of this car is a misdemeanour. $500 fine, or imprisonment for a year, or both, may be the punishment therefor."

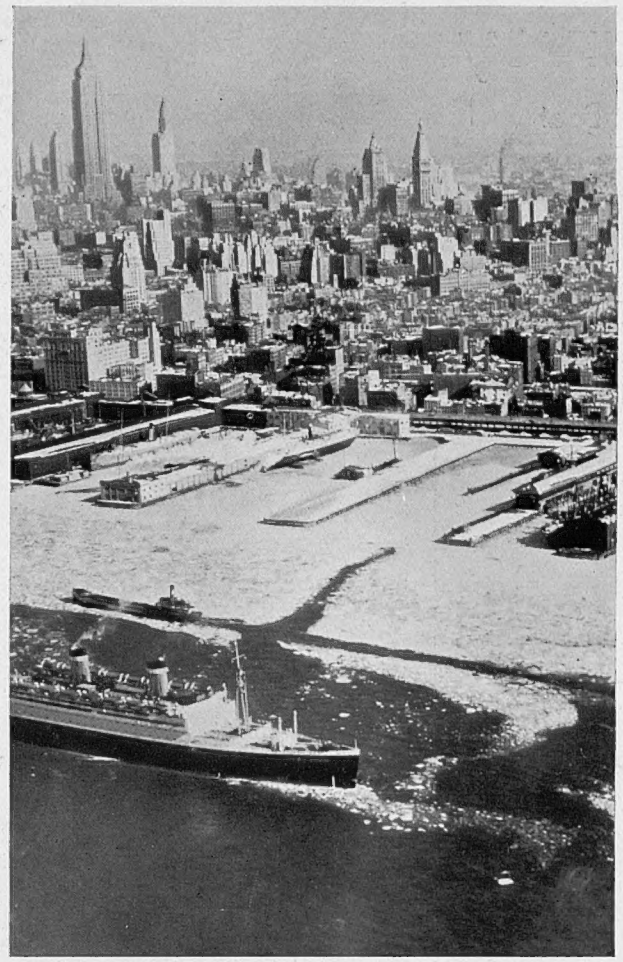
Well, some people like that sort of straight talk, some don't, but the fact remains that it is effective and achieves its purpose. Even in the rush hours—8.30 to 9.30 a.m. and 5 to 6 p.m., when the subway should be rigorously avoided by all those who don't appreciate the thrill of a Rugger scrum—the floors remain free from litter of all kinds. I have come to the conclusion on this renewed visit that excluding the recognized rush-hours, when democracy rules supreme and manners are, temporarily, admittedly discarded, Americans are to be seen at their best on the subway or on its less modern but still thriving sister, the elevated.

Indeed, if there were not some reasonably rapid way of getting up-town or down-town, as the case may be, the business of this great city could not be done, for the avenues that run north to south along the length of Manhattan Island are still choked with motor traffic even when snow keeps many of the superfluous taximeters out of circulation.

To the newcomer the traffic lights—red and green only, with no intermediate yellow—seem hard to find, being placed at varying heights and varying positions on the corners; and one gets the impression, as a pedestrian, that the New York car is quicker off the mark and less compassionate than his opposite number in London when the green light glows. Traffic signals are all mechanically controlled by clockwork, and it is quickly borne home to the visiting Englishman that our electromatic system, responding to the pressure of traffic in conflicting directions, has the advantage over a robot-like system which frequently creates the ludicrous anomaly of a solid wall of traffic along 5th Avenue waiting to proceed north and southwards, while the east-west cross road is held clear for traffic which is not there. So great is the preponderance of north-south over east-west traffic on this long, narrow island that it is a normal occurrence for the end units in a stream of north-south traffic to "miss the lights" three times in a few hundred yards since only a limited number of vehicles can clear a given point before the time-cycle-operated lights interrupt further progress, oblivious to the consideration that there is no east-west traffic demanding passage.

Perhaps this is the only justification for the strikingly high percentage of cars, public and private, fitted with radio. You can, if you want to, hear the radio programme during the long waits, but you certainly can't hear much when you are in transit as every steel-cored building along the route is a disturbing element to radio reception. There was a humorist on duty the other day at one of the two big networks who broadcast "Stormy Weather" to all us unfortunate cab-travellers in one of New York's fiercest blizzards. I comforted myself with the reflection that I had not chosen that particular day for the ascent of the Empire State building, where I had dutifully gone previously to settle for myself whether sky-scrapers do or do not sway. There are still two schools of thought on this point in New York, both equally convinced and buttressed by scientific arguments. Personally I have no doubt whatever that both the outstanding specimens I scaled swayed deliriously, but perhaps this was the first and only time in their lofty lives.

P. J.



BELOW ZERO: Some of the piers in the port of New York surrounded by a thick sheet of ice—a scene typical of recently prevailing conditions in the United States. In the foreground is the liner *Manhattan*

A GLUT OF GOLD

Has the World Already More than Sufficient Supplies of the Precious Metal for Normal Trading Purposes?

They say in Wall Street that a group of bankers, unable to decide what would be the world repercussions of an adverse decision by the nine judges of the Supreme Court in the gold clause dispute, put the problem to a brain robot—one of those incredible new calculating machines which is said to be able to work out problems beyond the power of the human intellect. And the brain robot groaned, and blew up.

But one of the possibilities which a number of human minds in the realm of finance grasped with ease was the possibility that the U.S. Treasury might cease purchasing all the open market gold offered in New York at 35 dollars an ounce. The attack of "gold nerves" caused by this idea was very severe while it lasted. Wild movements disorganised the exchanges. Commodity prices fell. Stocks plunged on deflation fears. Bonds, hitherto unpopular owing to Roosevelt spending, came into tremendous demand on the calculation that every 100-dollar bond might be worth 169 of the current 41 per cent. devalued dollars. Foreign banks hesitated to engage gold for shipment, as they feared the yellow stuff might slump in value while at sea. But during January's last week gold to the tune of 72,464,000 dollars was dumped on to New York docks. It came from England, France, Holland, Colombo, Panama, Mexico, Canada, and India. The holders had hastened to exchange the metal for dollars while the going was good, just as the Indian princes and merchants had hastened to unload their hoards in the London market, to the tune of £50,000,000 a year, when gold rose to 120s. and 130s. an ounce.

What is gold worth? Nobody knows. The Indian de-hoarders are turning the proceeds of gold sales into diamonds, since they think that over long term, the metal, now booming, will fall in value, while the jewels, still at a depressed level, must inevitably rise. The Rand mine controllers are working their low-grade ore and leaving the high-grade stuff (which accounts for a production drop of 1,000,000 ounces from this field, the world's richest, in 1934), because they don't know how long gold will be selling for 142s. an ounce in the open market. At that price they can make huge profits working ore that was not worth touching when gold was worth only 85s. an ounce; but if the price fell again, they would have to move back to the high-grade stuff in order to make a profit. Thousands of speculators and syndicates are buying gold and hoarding it away, on the guess that they will see gold at 160s. an ounce yet, and that meantime, with the strong probability of a 10 per cent. devaluation of the franc, and the possibility that Roosevelt will de-value the dollar to the maximum permitted limit of 50 per cent., gold is the safest home for surplus capital.

Gold may govern all values still, but what governs the value of gold? In normal times the cost of mining it. But in normal times, the demand for it is a rational one. Gold sells at famine prices to-day only because we are passing through one of the world's irrational phases, when central banks and private capitalists hoard gold because they distrust paper, and a great European Power grabs all the gold it can for reasons which come under the general head of "security," and an American President bends an ear to a professor who tells him that he can lighten the debt burden by lightening the gold content of the dollar, and manipulate the exchange value of the dollar to the advantage of American exporters by buying all the gold offered at 35 dollars an ounce (an operation only rendered practicable by a favourable trade balance which in 1934 aggregated £100,000,000).

If the U.S. Treasury stopped its gold purchases, what would happen to the gold market? The gold speculators don't like to think. Could the French central bank and the private buyers take all the gold offered? One cannot tell. The only free gold market is in London, and London has no fixed official rate. Four private firms, representing eight aged-in-the-wood financial families, monopolize the London market. They meet daily and in consultation fix the price of gold, at 11 a.m. sharp. It is a spot price for cash, based on the current supply and demand; and it takes all the bullion on offer off the market. There is no carry-over, and no official forward price for gold. It appears, is sold for cash; and into hoard or the goldsmith's hands it goes.

Strange to think that as recently as 1926—when the bankers thought they had got back to an international system safely based on gold—Dr. R. A. Lehfeldt, Professor of Economics, South African School of Mines and Technology, was seriously perturbed by the possibility of a fall in the value of gold. Dr. Schacht, and other eminent bankers and economists, practical men all, shared the erudite economist's fears. What was to be done to prevent an over-rapid rise of prices in a rationalized world where the demand for gold failed to absorb all the production from the mines? What to do to save the mines? Lehfeldt elaborated a scheme for the international control of gold production by a permanent commission, in order to prevent gold slumping as silver has done. It was the basic idea which has since been applied to tin to keep supplies running level with demand, with a pool to take care of stocks.

What Lehfeldt did not realize was that his fears were premature, because the bankers who had levered the world back on to the gold standard had

(Continued on p. 336)

AN APOLOGY

In our issue of November 24, 1934, we published an article referring to Marseilles entitled "A City with Two Underworlds." In that article we referred to the disappearance some years ago of Mr. Reginald Lee, the British Vice-Consul, and incidentally mentioned the name of Mr. Noble Hall. We desire to make it quite clear that we did not intend in any way to associate Mr. Noble Hall with the disappearance of Mr. Reginald Lee, or to cast any reflection on Mr. Noble Hall at all. There is no foundation whatever for any imputation against Mr. Noble Hall, and we tender him our sincere apologies.

THE SAXONS OF TRANSYLVANIA

Peasant Folk in Holiday Attire

These women, in their picturesque and beautifully embroidered costumes, are descendants of the Saxon colonists whom King Geisa II brought from the lower Rhenish districts and settled in Transylvania in the middle of the thirteenth century. To-day they form only about ten per cent. of the population of this Rumanian province but, unlike most minorities, they have always enjoyed complete freedom of action. While the Rumanians mostly content themselves with cattle- and sheep-breeding on a small scale, the Saxons are great fruit growers and wine producers, and carry on what little industry there is, such as the manufacture of textiles, glass, pottery, etc. From 1868 to 1918, Transylvania was part of Hungary, but following the War the people voted unanimously for union with Rumania. (See Article on next page.)

RUMANIA'S YEAR : A Survey of Conditions in the Country During 1934 : A Nation which, in the Eyes of Western Europe, Always Appears to be in a State of Turmoil and Yet is in Reality at Peace

By D. J. HALL

SHEPHERD OF THE HILLS : A camera study that epitomizes the life of the Rumanian peasantry—a people content to earn a bare livelihood as sheep farmers rather than develop the vast resources of their country

NEARLY all news that appears about Rumania is exciting. So it is as well from time to time to review events there to see what is really happening. It would seem that its life consists of a series of crises, economic, political, and social. Apart from a quantity of anti-Rumanian propaganda, this impression is caused by the custom in Rumania of talking exhaustively about anything and everything. A "crisis" looms. In a few days, or at most a few weeks, the subject has been exhausted, the "crisis" blown away with words. But the clamour reaches us, and, listening to it with our very Occidental ears, we assume, perhaps naturally, that an upheaval is taking place. If there were any truth in our assumption, living in Rumania would be like sitting on a volcano. Yet this custom of making "crises" the topics of invigorating conversation is politically the salvation of the country and preserves it as one of the most peaceful in the world.

The year 1934 began with what did look like a crisis. At the end of the previous year the Premier, M. Duca, had been assassinated. The Liberals had just come into power and M. Duca had suppressed the Iron Guard, a party said to have been inspired by the Nazis. Reports of an impending revolution appeared in the foreign Press. The crisis disappeared. The nation was appalled and saddened by the crime, but did not attribute a significance to it that it did not possess. The Liberal party is still in power. It was proved at the trial of the assassin that he was not connected with the Iron Guard. No member of the Iron Guard was sentenced to punishment. The suppression of the movement had been used by a group of fanatics for the commission of the crime. The Iron Guard still exists, with little influence, as a "Youth movement" anxious to promote reforms in political circles.

Politics in Rumania are personal, not party. The programmes are all the same. When a new party goes into power it carries on the old policy, slightly modified. It is the individuals who have changed, the most dynamic personalities who have taken the seats. Since this suits the Rumanian temperament, it must be considered best. The Rumanian people do not like sudden changes. Custom plays a large part in their administration. This may seem to us unprogressive; but customs do change, if slowly. The circumstances of life and the forward movement of civilization must change them, since customs become inoperative and cease to exist when the need for them passes.

Above all, Rumanians desire the perpetuation of peace. So it is in their foreign policy that events stand out. They started the year well with the signing of the Balkan Pact, in which they were joined by Turkey, Greece, and Jugoslavia. The existing frontiers were admitted and economic privileges mutually agreed. Bulgaria would have joined in the Pact but for the hopes, that had been held out to her people by certain politicians, that her frontiers would be revised. This does not mean that Bulgaria's attitude is anything but friendly to the signatory Powers. The Pact is open. Bulgaria may join it whenever she chooses. It is hoped and believed that this may take place. When she does it will be one more link in the armour of peace.

The Bessarabian question, which for long has been a bar to relations with the U.S.S.R., was settled in July, 1932, by MM. Titulescu and Litvinoff in London. But it was not till October, 1934, that M. Ostrowski for the U.S.S.R. and M. Ciuntu for Rumania went as representatives of their respective countries to Bukarest and Moscow. The U.S.S.R. could not let its people know that it had recognized the possession of Bessarabia by Rumania. The treaty was called a Pact of Non-Aggression. Neither country has any right to advance over territory now governed by the other. Thus Bessarabia was admitted to be Rumanian territory. The resumption of diplomatic relations has at any rate alleviated, if not put an end to, the appalling conditions on the Dniester frontier which still existed when I was there at the end of 1932. There were then, as there had been for several years, hundreds of refugees trying to escape out of Russia into Rumania. Those that avoided the shots of the Soviet guards were fortunate. In the past the refugees were settled on the land in Rumania. Now, since the Pact, Rumania must not receive refugees. If she does she must return them to Russia. Only the boldest try to escape under those conditions. But the slaughter has been stopped.

The Little Entente continues as the strongest bond of security for peace in Eastern Europe. The friendly relations between all the countries in the Balkans is growing stronger. When, shortly before his assassination, the late King Alexander visited King Boris of Bulgaria, it was an event of outstanding importance. Such a meeting would have been regarded as impossible in the past. From Yugoslavia to Rumania is but a short step. Rumania was filled with horror at King Alexander's death; not with political horror, but with the horror engendered by the murder of a close relation. In the Little Entente, if the representative of one country speaks he speaks for all the members of the family. Rumania has done everything she can to secure peace, with the Balkan Pact on the one hand and the preservation of the Little Entente on the other.

IN NATIONAL COSTUME : A young Rumanian peasant of to-day

A SON OF THE SOIL : A Transylvanian type

Why then is she not prosperous? Why cannot she pay her debts? Beside the fact that she did pay her debts after other countries which received sympathy rather than censure had defaulted, the answer is simple. Her people do not, either in the towns or on the land, work the full possibilities of the country. Rumania is a country of great potential wealth; yet, such is the temperament of the people that the prosperity of the country does not imply the happiness of the inhabitants. They see no pleasure in working more than they are bound to. The peasants, who form the majority of the population, have rich land; but since most of them have more land than they require for their own sustenance they do not trouble to work it all. Why should they? To make the country prosperous? Yes, but that does not interest them. They do not want money. Individually they *are* prosperous. They can support themselves abundantly from their land; they can make their own clothes. If they worked the full possibilities of their land and sold the produce they would have no time to enjoy themselves. The necessities of life are cheap. The pleasures of conversation are greater than those of working from morning till night in shops and offices. Since everyone in Rumania feels the same about it, everyone is satisfied. It is in the leisured hours of the inhabitants that the "crises" of the country are talked to death.

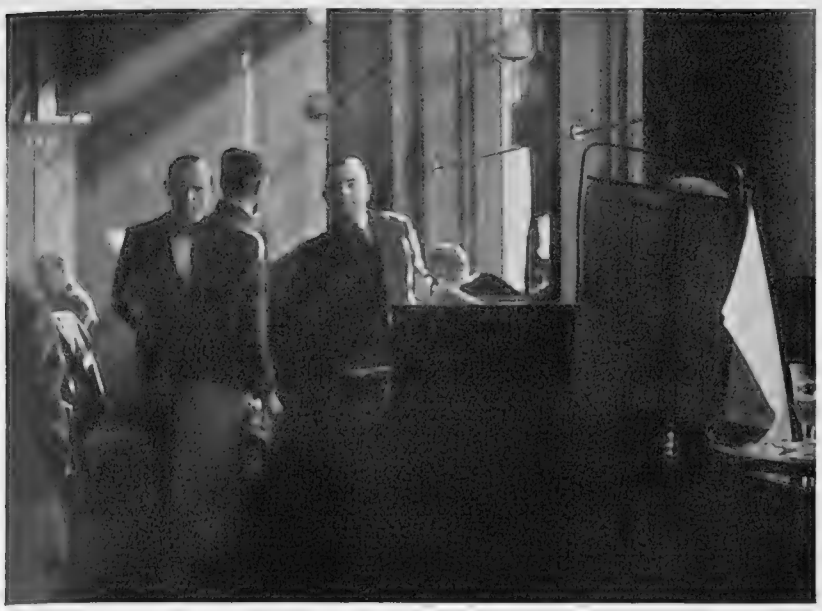
This care-free attitude to life and affairs has been made a subject of reproach by other countries. But it is not the way of Rumanians to look far ahead. What they have suffered in the past is largely responsible for this. Only in recent years have they freed themselves from foreign oppressors. They have acquired the habit of living in the present and being happy in it. They are optimistic, and possess resilience combined with an enviable sense of proportion. I do not believe that calamity, as we think of it, is ever likely to befall them, since it is in their nature to know that however bad things may be they could always be worse.

So that is the Rumanian year, perhaps not very different from any other year, but one which the people hope has consolidated the peace they love.

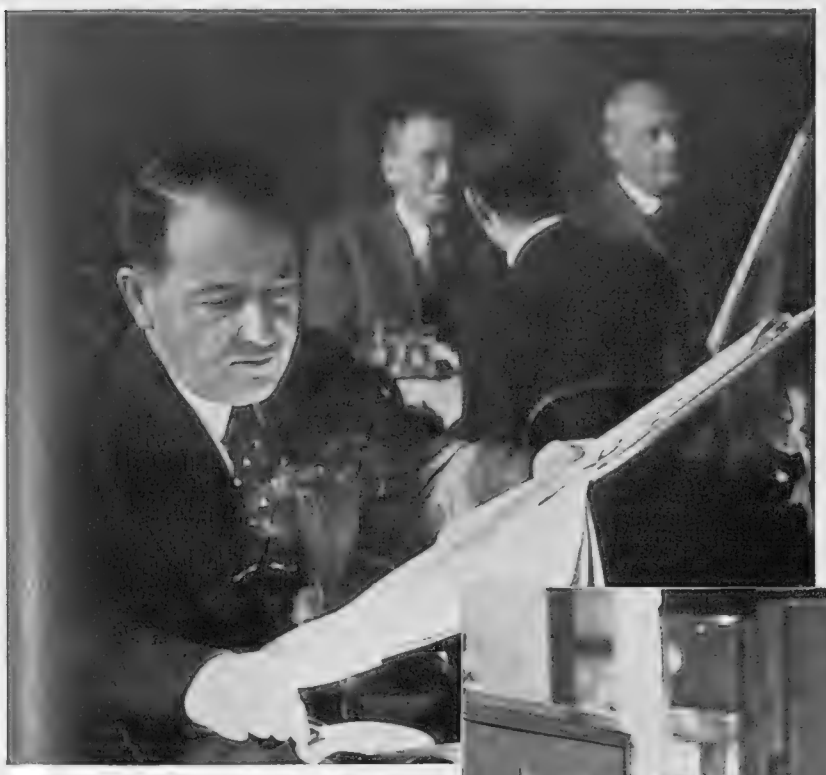
A FARMER OF SATMAR : A swarthy inhabitant of one of Rumania's most northerly districts

A RENDEZVOUS IN BUCHAREST

The Café Royal, where Politicians, Business Men, and Journalists Meet to Discuss the Questions of the Day



WHERE EATING IS A SECONDARY CONSIDERATION: A scene in the Café Royal, which is frequented by most of the notabilities of the Rumanian capital, who go there to read the foreign newspapers and to talk politics



DIGESTING THE NEWS

A study in post-prandial concentration

MATTERS OF MOMENT: Journalists and business men are frequently to be seen in the quieter corners of the café, preparing their copy or dealing with correspondence

FOOD FOR REFLECTION: English, French, German, and Spanish papers which are taken in by the café and read with avidity by its distinguished customers. The journals that deal extensively with political news are the most sought after, particularly some of the more outspoken French publications

Discussing politics over a glass of beer

STRICTLY CONFIDENTIAL

STALIN OR TROTSKY?

THE UNWANTED WANDERER: Leon Trotsky who, since his exile in 1928, has been almost constantly on the run. He is of Jewish origin, was born near Elizavetgrad in 1877, and when he was only twenty-one was banished to Siberia for his revolutionary activities. With Lenin he was the chief organizer of the Bolshevist rising of November 1917, but a few years after his leader's death he was driven from office, partly on account of the jealousy of his colleagues and partly as a result of his condemnation of Stalin's isolationist policy

Two Dominating Personalities, a Peasant Dictator and an Exiled Intellectual, who are Fighting a Bitter Duel for Supremacy in Soviet Russia

THE MODERN TOLSTOY AND THE DICTATOR: Stalin chatting with Maxim Gorky, the famous writer who was associated with Lenin in the early days of the revolution. Stalin, who was born in Georgia in 1879, first came into prominence when he joined the Bolshevik party in 1906. Thenceforward, until 1917, his career was one of perpetual arrest and escape. His rivalry with Trotsky came to a head towards the end of 1927, and after the latter had been sent into exile in the following year he climbed to supreme power

By
FERDINAND TUOHY

THE telephone ting-a-linged in the Paris office of a celebrated world newspaper. Listening a second, the correspondent placed finger to lip.

"That," he airily announced, replacing the receiver after a few distilled exchanges, "was Trotsky. Or, rather, his son who acts as channel of communication. I can always get contact with Leon, and a reply from him within twenty-four hours. He is up the . . ."

And then I learnt just where the creator of the Red Army, and one of the greatest brains alive, had been secreted away by the French Government for his own safety, and because no one knew what to do with the super-undesirable, upon all countries putting down the heaviest of frontier barrages. I learnt something else, too, that has its amusing side. Trotsky is writing the life of Lenin under the surveillance of members of the *Sûreté Nationale*. These perpetually hover in the vicinity of the former Bronstein, and may at any time demand to inspect what he is writing, and check his papers and belongings generally. In addition, red tape insists that Trotsky shall report daily to the local gendarmerie, while he must not circulate farther than thirty miles from his place of protective refuge, and must avoid all towns.

"The life of Lenin," pursued my colleague, "really conceals a pretty piece of strategy. Unless I'm mistaken, it will be found to be a further and (its author hopes) highly damaging tilt at Stalin in the bitter, long-range duel that has been going on between the pair ever since Trot was expelled the Party eight years ago. Trot intends to show, chapter and verse, how Stalin has deviated from the tenets and fundamentals laid down by the Idol, the notion being, of course, to improve his own stock in Russia as *the* ever-faithful adherent of the lost leader. No doubt the proletariat won't be allowed to read him but the Bureaucracy can't very well escape doing so and that is where Trotsky is aiming — to wean further 'pivotal' elements away from Stalin. Leon has far from given up hope of seeing his political conceptions one day prevailing again in Moscow *because they were Lenin's*. He feels that has never been sufficiently brought out and that the time is ripe, as each fresh peril and pitfall confronts Stalin."

Stalin to-day doubtless regards his exile-clemency to Trotsky as an error of the first magnitude. Even if the fellow had been retained in Siberia, whither he was dispatched at the beginning, it might not have been so bad: his writings could have been permanently squashed or censored into innocuousness. But that weak permitting of him to go to Prinkipo for health reasons . . . the cost of it!

Kameneff and Zinovieff would serve all their sentence in Siberia, not one iota of doubt about that. Never again!

The conflict between Trotsky and Stalin was predestined. One could hardly find two men, on top, more radically divergent in character, temperament, experience, method, and, as it eventually transpired, outlook in regard to their native land. A duel for Soviet Russia is being fought out by these two men and the future of 160,000,000 human beings hangs on the result.

Stalin is always worried by the hydra-headed opposition, freely subterranean, which he labels "Trotskyism." The 1 or 2 per cent. Bolshevik Party (blow the tens of millions who have to come to heel!) must be either with him, Stalin, or else in the Trotsky camp. No half-way house possible. The duel between the two opposing ideas is too profound, too all-embracing. Doesn't it amount to nothing less than this:

Shall Russia be a robust and self-sufficing land, primarily contrived for the material happiness of Russians even if for such result to be achieved the hand has meanwhile to be extended gingerly to capitalistic countries, or shall it be first and foremost an international machine for world revolution, fighting capitalism to the death, as originally laid down, no matter how such policy may retard domestic upbuilding and bring immensely increased hardship to the Russian people? Stalin thinks that it is not now the inescapable mission of Soviet Russia to bend everything to extending the word "socialist" on the map. The right, and far the most comfortable way to propagand is first to construct Russia as a going concern, as a herald of the oncoming State, and then to let the world look at it and draw its own conclusions. To which Trotsky answers only: "You are betraying basic Communist doctrine, and Lenin."

How Lenin would have envisaged things to-day, had he lived to be sixty-five, opens up interesting possibilities of debate (he did not hesitate to part with the past in launching his N.E.P. under driving proof that he had taken the wrong road), but Trotsky will be able to muster convincing and authenticated proof that the mummified godhead of Red Square had, towards the end, little use for Stalin. There is, for example, this postscript to a letter warning of an oncoming split, written as Lenin lay dying: "I propose to the comrades to find a way to remove Stalin from the position of general secretary and appoint to it another man who differs from Stalin only in being superior—more patient, more loyal, more polite, and more attentive to comrades, less capricious. Stalin, having become general secretary, has concentrated an enormous power in his hands; and I am not sure that he always knows how to use it with sufficient caution." As for Trotsky's opinion of the self-christened Man of Steel, it is strangely reminiscent of what certain of our own political leaders said of "second-class brains" and "cabin-boys on the bridge" in 1923:—

"Stalin is Russia's outstanding mediocrity."

We know what happened. Stalin first of all used Kameneff and Zinovieff in the fight against "the visionary" Trotsky, whose principal vision happened to be that of the Soviet embarking upon comprehensive industrial planning on the basis of enormous blueprints to be expanded annually. Later Stalin dropped his first two allies and took on Bukharin and Rykoff in their stead. And in 1929 he dropped everybody, finding himself strong enough to stand alone. And so it has been ever since, the Dictator's only, or, at least, main prop having of late years been the recently murdered Kirov. So much for the setting of the stage for the duel which is still well and truly on.

The contrast in character, in everything, between the two proponents is complete. The very *nom de guerre* that Dzugashvili chose, suggestive of steely firmness and holding on, is at utter variance with that which Bronstein might have fashioned instead of the meaningless "Trotsky." "*Trop de lumière*," the son has been heard to say, in Paris, of his exiled father. "Too much light—it dazzles."

Trotsky does exhibit the utmost contempt for Stalin, as a brain. But is he justified? Are there not beautiful brains that beat the air and stolid ones that rule the earth?

Stalin the slow and stubborn controller of events against Trotsky the brilliant intellectual whose boast is that events bear out his theories; Stalin the suspicious and inferiority-complexed against Trotsky the dynamically self-confident; Stalin the blunt peasant from the small town versus Trotsky the internationalist and citizen of the world; Stalin the crafty politician and underground manœuverer versus Trotsky the gay weaver of stupendous universal plans; Stalin the methodical "bricklayer with men" against Trotsky the imaginative and lettered historian; Stalin the silent believer in acts versus Trotsky the spellbinder of the written and spoken word. In a sentence, Stalin who works prosaically for to-day and Trotsky who dreams and builds for to-morrow. To emerge in future years, when he may long be dead, as the Karl Marx of the twentieth century, bequeathing an intellectual legacy of world importance that events shall subsequently prove correct, such is Trotsky's deepest wish. That legacy is to take the form of the Fourth International which he is working out simultaneously with his Life of Lenin.

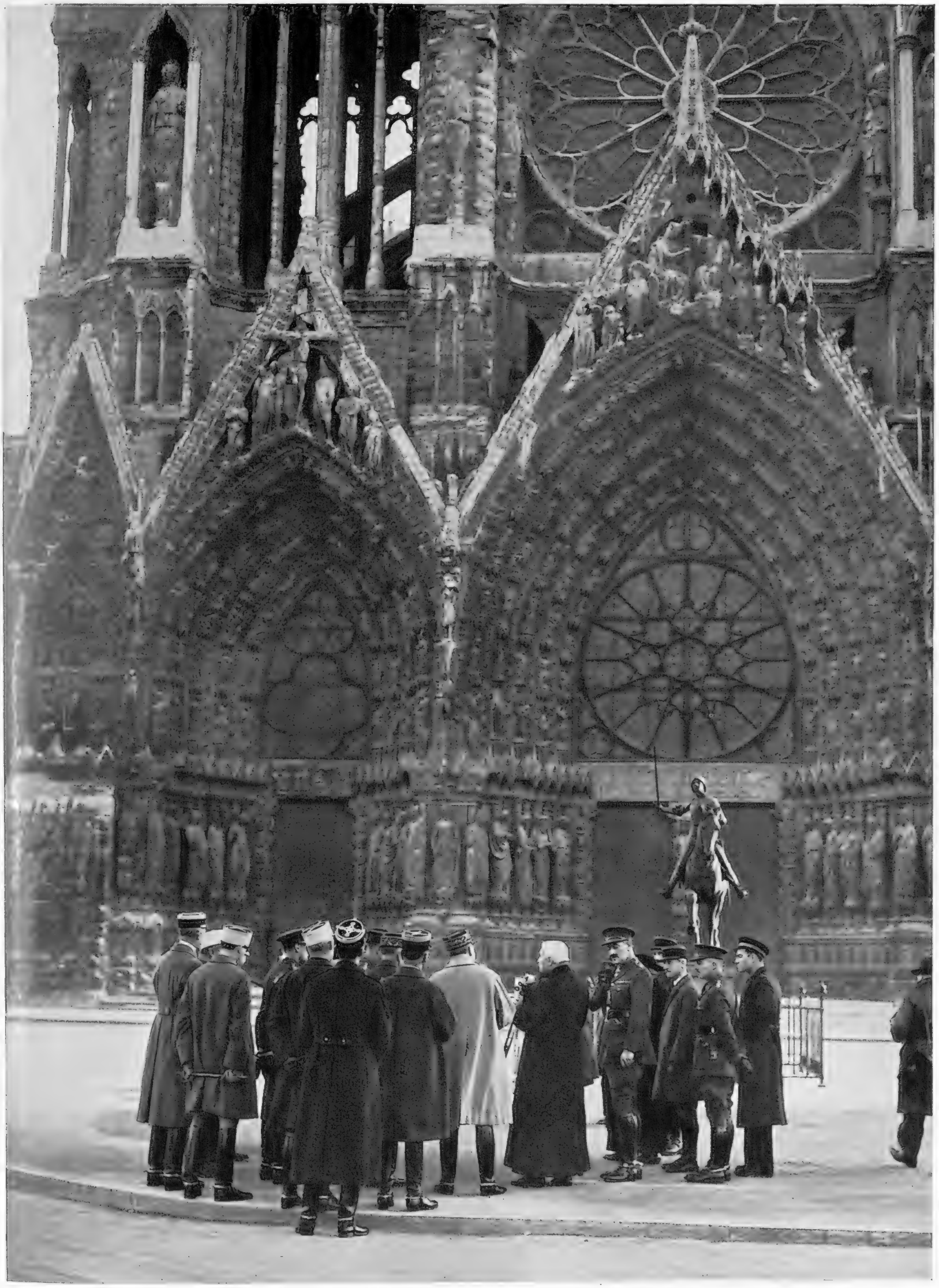
Possibly the solitary point of contact between the two wrestlers for Russia's future is that each "did" Siberia under the Tsar. That was thirty years ago. Exile in the icy wastes was to leave fundamentals of character unaltered. Stalin learnt patience, trait that was one day to make of him the inexhaustible functionary and compleat party hack. Trotsky is permanently *enragé* that he has to wait until the world catches up with him.

"Bolshevism and capitalism cannot live side by side," repeats the exile, hammerlike in quotation of Lenin.

"Wait and see" seems to echo from a two-roomed flat by the Kremlin. And: "A fig for all your long-distance theorising for the future! It is high time to give the present Russian people something *now* in return for all their self-sacrifice."

But Trotsky believes a world revolution to be quite possible of achievement in the decades directly ahead, reading the portents of war and sustained economic breakdown as he does; and he implores, he *wills*, from far away outside, that the Soviet régime shall be true to the faith of its founder. This world-vagrant and connoisseur knows only too well the danger of contamination if Moscow persists in sitting down at the same table as the capitalistic nations.

To whom the future, of this dramatic pair? Stalin the "greyish and rough" (Lenin) go-getter after immediate results, backed by the greatest show of physical force on earth, or Trotsky of the dazzling intellect, ready to sacrifice again and again for a completer victory to-morrow, and backed . . . by inquisitors of the *Sûreté Nationale*?



HOMEWARD BOUND

Members of the British Contingent of the Saar International Force Visit Rheims on their Way Back to England

Officers of the Essex Regiment, who were stationed in the Saar during and after the plebiscite, seen with the Archbishop of Rheims and with French officers before paying a visit to the famous early-Gothic cathedral—one of the many places of interest which they saw during their short stay in the city as the guests of the French Government. On arrival the detachment was met at the station by Generals Villemont, Toussan and Mordacq, and the 106th Infantry Regiment mounted a guard of honour. On the next day the men paraded before the War Memorial, and afterwards were conducted over the neighbouring battlefields. Behind the group in this picture is the statue of Joan of Arc, who achieved her greatest triumph at Rheims when she brought about the coronation of the weak-hearted Dauphin

AVALANCHE

AFTER THE FALL: When the avalanche had thundered down the valley, destroying everything in its path, these giant blocks of snow remained poised in a precarious position half way up the mountain

On left—SCENE OF A TRAGEDY: The remains of a house after the avalanche had swept down on it from the heights of the Kuhnihorn, an 8,000-ft. peak, into the Saint-Antönien valley. Four adults and three children were killed

THE TRAIL OF DESTRUCTION: Trees overwhelmed by the descending snow. The house in the background had a narrow escape

NATURE IN ANGRY MOOD: The house on the left was protected by a barrier of rock and had special avalanche defences, while that on the right was reduced to a ruin, as it was new and no protective measures had been taken. *Right*—Another view of the wreckage, which gives some idea of the terrific impact that must have occurred

Pictures Taken After the Recent Disaster at Saint Antönien, Switzerland

HAVOC: *Above*—Shattered trees. *Top*—Boulders of snow strewn along the valley. This particular type of avalanche resembled a landslip, as compared with the avalanche of powdered snow which accumulates during its descent

BELISHA-ISM IN THE ETERNAL CITY: A scene at a busy intersection in Rome. Note the traffic lights suspended in the centre and the pedestrian crossings marked with white lines. Sometimes metal studs are employed

ITALY'S TRAFFIC PROBLEM

How it is Being Solved by Town Re-planning and by the Disciplining of Pedestrians and Motorists

A MAIN clause of the Italian Traffic Code reads thus: "Every driver of a vehicle must so regulate his speed that, taking into consideration the type of the vehicle, the system of control, the weight of the vehicle, the condition and peculiarities of the road, and all other circumstances of a like character, such speed shall not endanger either life or property."

"What is understood by that?" I asked an expert.

"That the faster you pass a policeman, the quicker you are out of his reach!"

There are, of course, plenty of other regulations, of a kind familiar in most western countries, and based to a large extent on the findings of international conventions; but it is in this general clause that the Italian police are supposed to find their sharpest weapon for the fight against road accidents; and the Italian drivers their chief incentive to skill.

For it takes skill to cover distance at the Italian rate without endangering life and property: and quite clearly, if the statistics are to be relied upon, the danger to life and property on the Italian roads is relatively small, though in absolute figures large enough, and sufficiently disquieting in Italian official circles.

Rome, for example, with a population of 1,000,000 souls, had 9,813 road accidents last year, or 981·3 per 100,000 inhabitants; with 89 deaths, or 8·9 per 100,000, 787 seriously injured, and a total of 5,767 cases involving death or personal injury. The death-rate per 100,000 people is exactly the same as for Paris; but whereas Paris shows one car to every eighteen inhabitants (1933), Rome gives one *vehicle* to every thirty-five (1932); and I doubt if the Rome traffic is concentrated as much as that of Paris, whose registered motor vehicles, if placed together, would occupy practically half the total motor-road surface of the city!

The Roman figure looks very satisfactory, however, against, say, Birmingham, which has almost the same population. In Birmingham last year there were 14,432 road accidents against Rome's 9,813, and 15·7 deaths per 100,000 against Rome's 8·9. Here again, as with all these comparative statistics, a great many other considerations should be borne in mind. I do not know what is the proportion of cars to population in Birmingham; but it is sure to be much higher than in Rome.

Obviously there is some reason undisclosed by the bare figures which makes the English death-roll proportionately so much higher than the Continental; and, from a fairly extensive experience of the great cities of Europe, I am still convinced that the figures for English cities, as compared proportionately with Continental cities (frequently the half, or at most two-thirds of the English percentages of accidents) do not represent the true comparative risks. What, however, is a serious question for us to consider is the fact that, whereas the Continental figures are mostly on the decrease, our English figures are advancing alarmingly.

In any event, and figures notwithstanding, I cannot in the least decide what is the reason for the apparent greater security to life and limb on the Continental roads—in this case on the Italian roads. Arriving recently in Milan, for the first time since the consolidation of Fascism over the whole country, my immediate impression was of greater traffic danger than before, rather than, as the figures said plainly enough, of less. But against this, traffic chaos had been strikingly reduced. System, very obviously, had entered the streets of Italy.

"Although system is more at home in the north than in the south, its complications are more readily grasped by the quick-witted Latin, who is therefore able to disregard it with more impunity." Not being a quick-witted Latin, I dared not disregard the Milan traffic system, and was obliged to waste quite a deal of time discovering what it was.

A pedestrian emerging from the vast new railway station of Milan at a busy time of the day, is at once confounded by lines of fast-moving traffic apparently darting in all directions over a terrifying space which is adorned with geometric patterns and groups of low, blinking beacons. All these patterns and beacons mean something. Probably a complete international traffic conference has set forth with figures and diagrams exactly what they do mean; and as for the pedestrian about whom I am just now so anxious, if he wants to get to the other side of that vast, open space he, too, had better get to know what they mean. Once in the city proper the problem is reduced by the structure of the streets, and the pedestrian's only care is to keep his eye on the suspended automatic light-signals, which he must obey equally with other road users. Crossing the streets of Milan at other points than those under signal control is simply a matter of racing the oncoming traffic. The Milan driver never thinks of drawing up for the pedestrian, and the pedestrian hardly expects such courtesy.

The Milan driver seems to regard the dangerous driving clause of the Italian Traffic Code as a rule for his personal benefit and maintains, even in the busy parts of the city, an average speed which on the whole is far in excess of that prevailing in other countries. The influence of this high average of speed is not notably apparent in the accident statistics which show, from 1930 to 1932, a decrease in the total road victims in Milan, but an increase in the fatal accidents. In 1930 there were 3,121 victims of the road, of which 88 were fatal; in 1931, 2,855 victims, with 109 fatal cases; and in 1932, 2,726, of which 128 were fatal.

The establishment throughout Milan of a system of traffic beacons is said to have acted as a check on the Milanese driver's speed mania. These beacons operate in three colours—amber, green, and red—of which the amber light appears alone as well as simultaneously with the green. The authorities consider the system to be in every way effective, especially as there is, on the whole, very little room in Milan for traffic manœuvring, and therefore very little opportunity for diagonal movement on the part of traffic desiring to turn. Such traffic is obliged to follow the ordinary stream and to bend simply to right or left as the opportunity presents itself.

The difficulties involved in this system are met by placing traffic police at most of the crossings, though I was told in Milan that the tendency there is to reduce traffic police to a minimum and to substitute automatic apparatus as much as possible, largely because of the enormous saving in cost. The one-way street system has also proved very popular in this city, and is likely to undergo still further extension. Fortunately, the signs indicating one-way streets in Milan are usually conspicuous and easily comprehensible. Apart from these routine developments, Milan, in common with the rest of Italy, puts great faith in the construction and re-construction of thoroughfares in accordance with the needs of modern traffic. She has made a start with the new traffic road, laid down chiefly over unbuilt areas, which connects the Central Station with the inner city, and is undoubtedly of marked influence upon the speed and ease of traffic in one of the busiest quarters of the city.

This principle has inspired still more remarkable efforts in Rome, where the construction of new streets and the widening and re-orientation of others have been a feature of municipal activity for some years. There, of course, it is not purely a traffic problem: it is part of a larger question involving slum-clearance, the isolation of historic and artistic quarters, and the re-building of the city on lines in proportion to its new international significance, and to its dignity as the seat of Italian Fascism. Happily, that fits in with the needs of Italian traffic.

Tremendous advance has already been made in the enormous Rome re-planning scheme; and the advantage to traffic is obvious. Can it be that here, at least to some important extent, lies the secret of Rome's declining accident figures? The magnificent new boulevard surrounding the Capitol and Palatine hills, which offers rapid communication between the centre of the city and the new quarters developing to the West, has already proved to be of immense value to the efficient circulation of traffic in the centre and west of Rome; and still greater value must be looked for in the construction of the new thoroughfare which is to relieve the congestion in the Corso Umberto.

It is difficult to give comparative figures of road accidents in Rome over any long period of years. Up to 1931 only the very serious accidents were registered. Since 1932, however, a fairly complete system of statistics has been introduced. The 1930 victims of traffic accidents are given as 867, which is obviously an understatement, of which there were 165 deaths. For 1932 the figures are complete, and show 6,102 victims, with 93 dead and 971 seriously injured. The figures for 1933 we have already seen—5,767 victims, of whom 89 are given as dead—thus, by comparison with the previous year, a considerable reduction is recorded, especially when the increase in the number of vehicles and the population of the city is taken into account.

I discussed this matter with one of the authorities in the hope that I might learn of some practical development in Roman traffic control to which the decreasing traffic figures could be attributed. "Naturally," he said, "the introduction of new rules and regulations, and the use of modern traffic control devices, has had a definite effect upon the number of street accidents, but the chief source of the improvement is in the new discipline which we have been able to drill into the users of Roman roads. You can see for yourself," he added, "that every user of the road in Rome—pedestrian as well as motorist—is, so to speak, under control."

Taking Italy as a whole it is seen that, between 1919 and 1923, accident figures continually declined, in spite of the remarkable increase in the number of cars on Italian roads. A serious increase in accidents is recorded for 1924. The following year it was checked, but thereafter, until 1929, the figures show increase of accidents more or less in proportion to the increase in the number of cars. Between 1919 and 1929, the accident figures for Italy were practically doubled. Taking twelve of the leading cities of Italy, the following comparison over a period of five years is possible: 1926, 5,945 victims; 1930, 11,086. In 1926, 318 dead; in 1930, 443. Proportion of victims per 100,000 inhabitants, in 1926 128.23; in 1930, 213.46. Proportion of deaths per 100,000 people, in 1926, 6.86; in 1930, 9.76. More complete figures than these are not available.

The number of motor vehicles in Italy in 1933 is given as 464,888. The distribution varies considerably, with 1 in 53 for Lombardy to 1 in 353 in Lucania; and, taking the large cities, 1 in 29 for Milan and Turin and 1 in 35 for Rome. The total figures shows a tremendous increase since 1921, when the number of motor vehicles in Italy was 86,913. The proportion of the increase is, of course, far greater than the proportion of accident increase. But an important factor to bear in mind when considering the traffic of Italy, is the great number of motor vehicles brought temporarily into the country by tourists, and having a very definite influence upon road conditions.

R. E.

A NAVAL OCCASION: M. Lebrun, the French President, standing with Madame Lebrun on his right, and Madame Pietri, wife of the Minister of Marine, in the State box at the Opera House, where the annual Naval Ball was held last week in aid of charity. This brilliant function was attended by representatives of the Government, members of the services and of the diplomatic corps, and many notabilities in Parisian Society

A PAGE FROM PARIS

Fashion Parade at Auteuil

The opening meeting of the year at Auteuil is always a big social event, and among the fair sex the racing is decidedly a secondary consideration. These two pictures taken in the paddock give an excellent idea of the trend of fashion in the French capital. Capes and coatees, it will be noted, are particularly popular

SUBJECTS OF THE "KIN

THE WATER-CARRIER: A member of one of the Galla tribes. This race invaded Abyssinia in the sixteenth century, and it was not until the reign of the Emperor Menelik that it was finally subdued

AN ABYSSINIAN OF SHOA: This negroid type comes from the southern portion of the country and is almost black. In the central provinces the people are brown-skinned, and in the north they are olive

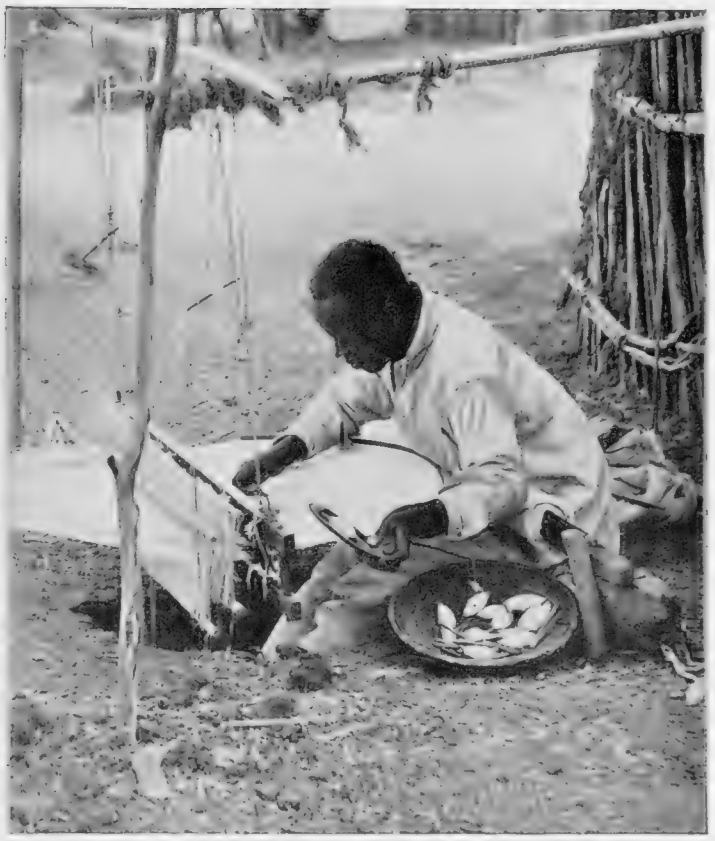
CHILDREN OF THE UPPER CLASSES: They are extremely well cared for and are carefully secluded, seldom being allowed to appear in the streets. Slaves are usually appointed to look after them

MARKET DAY IN A HIGHLAND VILLAGE: The countryside, it will be noted, is not un-English in character; it is well wooded and many of the fields are enclosed by hedges. The people are great users of umbrellas, and at gatherings such as this they are always much in evidence

CRUDE BUT SPEEDY

An amusing camera study taken in a street in Addis Ababa, showing a barber using a horse-clipping machine on one of his clients, while his assistant turns the handle

NG OF KINGS": A Gallery of Abyssinian Types



AT THE LOOM: A native weaver at work in the street. *Below*—An Ethiopian family of noble birth. Note the sailor suit worn by the little boy on the right

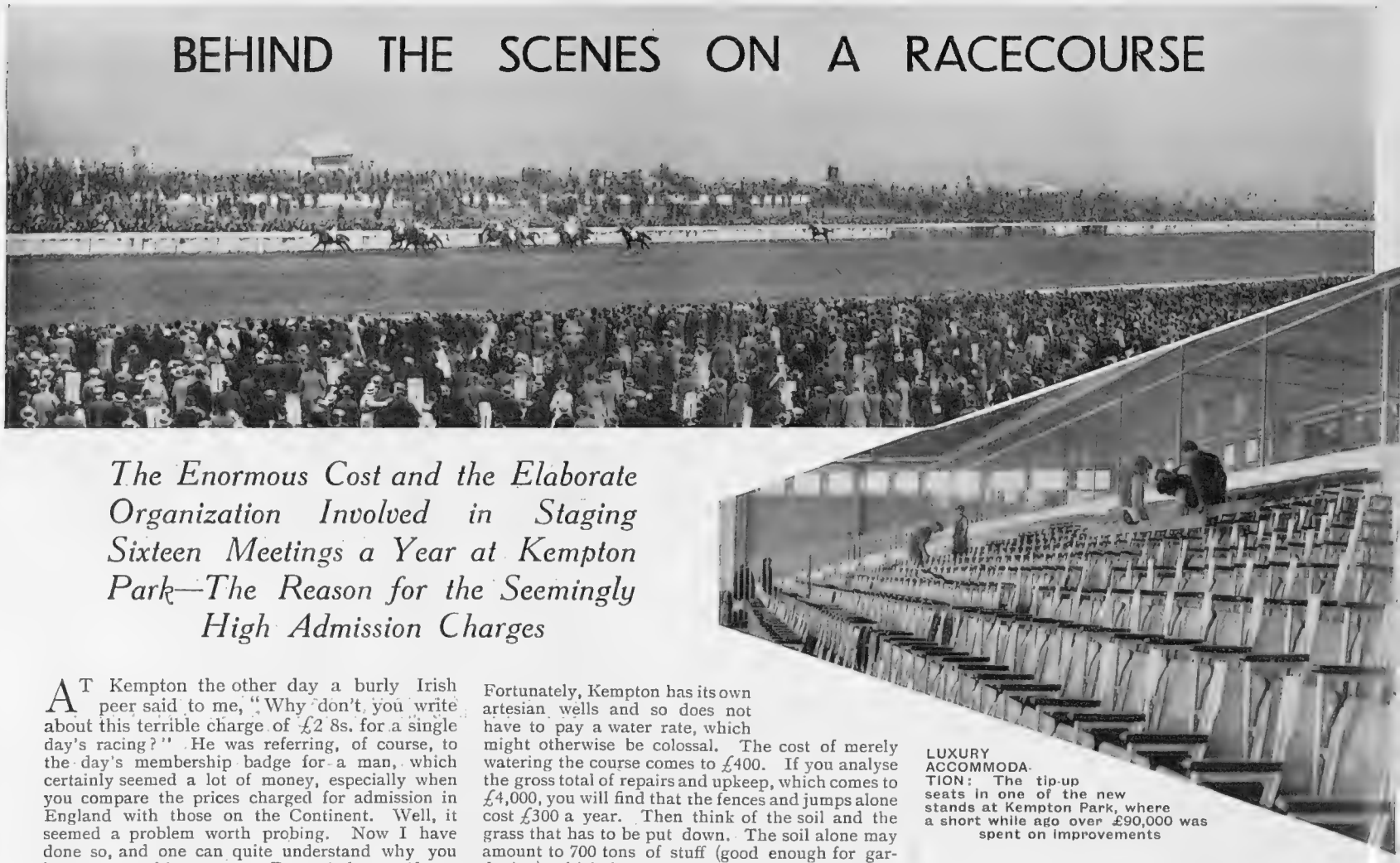
GIRL OF THE SOUTHERN PROVINCES with a predominating strain of negro blood

ple of Abyssinia consist of many types, ering from each other in language, ear, customs, and religion. The real ssinians form about a third of the population, the major portion of the remainder mostly ng to the great Galla race. There are a host other tribes, and inter-marriage has created yet e divisions, so that to-day the country is, nographically speaking, one of the most complex in the world

The most prominent features of religious life in Ethiopia are the fasts, feasts, and pageants, over 150 days in the year being taken up with one or other of these events. New Year, the Feast of the Cross, Epiphany, and Easter, are celebrated in a particularly elaborate manner. The harp seen on the left is used during church services

CLERGY AT A CHURCH FESTIVAL

BEHIND THE SCENES ON A RACECOURSE



The Enormous Cost and the Elaborate Organization Involved in Staging Sixteen Meetings a Year at Kempton Park—The Reason for the Seemingly High Admission Charges

LUXURY ACCOMMODATION: The tip-up seats in one of the new stands at Kempton Park, where a short while ago over £90,000 was spent on improvements

By CHARLES GRAVES

AT Kempton the other day a burly Irish peer said to me, "Why don't you write about this terrible charge of £2 8s. for a single day's racing?" He was referring, of course, to the day's membership badge for a man, which certainly seemed a lot of money, especially when you compare the prices charged for admission in England with those on the Continent. Well, it seemed a problem worth probing. Now I have done so, and one can quite understand why you have to pay this amount. But, mind you, if you become a member for £12 a year, and take two women friends each day for a day's racing at Kempton, it works out at only 5s. a head, which is cheaper than anywhere else in the world.

Apart from that, the figures I have been given completely justify the apparently high charge for these membership badges. Let us take Kempton as a typical first-class racecourse. It has only sixteen days' racing a year. That is all that the Jockey Club will grant it. Of these, eight days are under the National Hunt rules during the autumn and winter, and there is always a likelihood that one or two of them will have to be suspended owing to bad weather. Here at once we come to a figure of £700 a year which has to be paid in insurance against this kind of thing. This, however, does not really cover the expenses of the police and staff if the racing is abandoned on the actual morning itself, for they all have to be paid whether or not they have anything to do once they are down there. The police bill alone comes to £1,600 a year, at the rate of 28s. per constable per day.

The wage bill of the staff amounts to over £3,000 a year. Next time you go racing just try to count the number of gatemen, turnstile men, ticket sellers, and the like. They cost another £2,200 a year, for I use the word "staff" merely to include the labourers, painters, and other manual workers. Think of the cost of spraying three-and-a-half miles of racecourse during a dry summer. Fortunately, Kempton has its own artesian wells and so does not have to pay a water rate, which might otherwise be colossal. The cost of merely watering the course comes to £400. If you analyse the gross total of repairs and upkeep, which comes to £4,000, you will find that the fences and jumps alone cost £300 a year. Then think of the soil and the grass that has to be put down. The soil alone may amount to 700 tons of stuff (good enough for gardening) which has to be harrowed in until it is quite out of sight. All the lawns, shrubs, and trees also have to be kept spick and span. The gardening bill is a big one. When Louis Philip of Spain came to England with a view to marrying Queen Elizabeth he planted many foreign trees, and four or five of the original Spanish chestnuts are to be found to-day at Kempton Park.

Already you are beginning to understand that to own or to have shares in a racecourse is not all "beer and skittles." It would not occur to you perhaps that all the straw and hay for the race-horses competing are provided free, as well as the accommodation for their lads. That alone comes to £400 or £500. Moreover, each loose box, at any rate at Kempton, is fumigated with sulphur candles to make quite sure that no epidemic of coughing can be traced to that source.

All told, Kempton has 312 acres, an area as large as or larger than Hurst Park, Sandown, and Alexandra Park put together. The result is £4,000 for rates and taxes. The taxes in this case do not include the Entertainment Tax which comes to nearly another £9,000. Already a big hole, as you can see, is being made in your possible profits. An even bigger one—in fact the biggest—is your added money. It does not matter how large your grandstand or how attractive the scenery. If you do not get good racing you are not going to get the crowds; nor are you going to get good racing unless you get good horses and, obviously, you are not going to get good horses unless you give good prizes. The total stake money provided by Kempton is no less than £26,750 during its sixteen days of racing in the year. Three thousand of this is given to one race—the great Jubilee Handicap. Kempton has always attracted for this expensive reason the best handicappers in the country. The very first Jubilee Handicap was won by the famous Bendigo, who carried 9 st. 7 lb. and was so popular a fancy that his success broke dozens of small bookmakers. Since then many other famous horses have won this race—Santoi, Polar Star, Bachelor's Double, Abbotts Speed, and Colorado Kid.

In the same way the Duke of York Handicap, which is usually run the week before the Cesarewitch, has been won by Sceptre, Donetta, Polymelus, and Pharos (twice).

I only mention these great names to show that you have to pay out great sums of money to attract their owners. A racecourse, in fact, is a perfect example of the old platitude that you have got to spend money to make money, and even then you cannot be sure of it.

THE CATERING SIDE: A scene in the main kitchen at Kempton

Evidently the business of running the racing side of a course, even though it only involves sixteen days in the year of actual racing, is too burdensome to permit of the officials being also responsible for the catering. It takes an expert to do that, particularly as he has to find men—cooks, bartenders, and others—who are available for so few days in the year. In consequence, therefore, I cannot give the figures of what the various bars take, whether it is for food, champagne, beer, cigars, or cigarettes, for the racecourse company itself only gets a percentage of the takings. Nor can I give the exact figures of the fees paid to the stakeholders, judge, clerk of the course, and the handicappers, but the total of this figure comes to something in the neighbourhood of £2,000.

Advertising, printing of tickets, placards, and stationery come to half-way between two and three thousand pounds. The Jockey Club gets a fee of £120 (though I do not quite know what for). The rent of the estate is £4,000 a year. The general expenses include office rent and clerks' wages, which come to £3,000, if one includes the secretary's salary. The directors' fees are £1,000 a year; and don't forget the band music of the Grenadier Guards, which is £240. All told, the expenditure for the sixteen days' racing is something over £60,000—nearly £4,000 a day.

We now come to the other side of the medal. Against the added money bill of £26,000 you find £14,000 for entrance fees and half surplus of sales. Another gratifying figure is that of £41,000 in receipts for admission to the stands, the paddock, and the use of the car-park. There is also a matter of £3,400 for the bookmakers' badges. These vary in price from £3 a day in Tattersall's to 10s. in the cheapest ring, and always cause an argument. The sale of race-cards and the proportion of the profits from refreshments is £2,600.

Many people think probably that the racecourse gets some percentage from the Tote. At present it gets nothing, though there is some talk of a nominal proportion being handed over. So far, however, it is still all talk. The revenue from the Club Membership is £10,000 a year, though much of the gilt is taken off this particular gingerbread, as it is in the case of the admission fees, by the Entertainment Tax. This, I have already told you, amounts in all to nearly £9,000.

Well, there you are. A profit of something like £6,000 is made on the year's racing. When you consider that the magnificent new stands which were erected two years ago cost £90,000, it is not such a lot of money, is it?

No wonder that the executive would like the Jockey Club to give them another two days' racing a year. The upkeep would be the same, while the admission money and bookmakers' badges would make a real difference. But the Jockey Club is very autocratic and at least Kempton can be grateful for the extra day's racing granted to it on the Royal Bank Holiday in May.

CHIC *in* SPORT

INTERESTS IN COMMON: Mr. Leslie Stoll, son of Sir Oswald Stoll, the well-known theatre proprietor, and Miss Gertrude Sabey, of Roehampton, who were married last Saturday. They are both very keen polo players and riders

THE MORNING AFTER: The Hon. Mrs. Robert Jenkinson at the meet of the Pytchley, held at Hazelbech, on the day following the hunt ball

AT A QUORN MEET: Lady Ravensdale using the bumper of her car as a mounting-step. She is the eldest daughter of the late Lord Curzon

WINTER FASHIONS ON THE RACECOURSE: Two pictures taken in the members' enclosure at a recent steeplechase meeting at Gatwick. *Left*—Mrs. Hyams in a smart fur coat and the latest thing in fleece-lined boots. *Right*—Mrs. Harold Baines, who favours the same style of footwear

Preparations for the Silver Jubilee

BLOOMS ON THE BALCONY: Arranging a window-box of spring flowers in Bruton Street where there will be a magnificent floral display during the Silver Jubilee celebrations. Even the Government Offices in Whitehall are to be brightened in this way

AFTER A QUARTER OF A CENTURY OF IDLENESS: The State coach of the Speaker of the House of Commons, which has not been used since the time of the Coronation, is now being regilded and reconditioned in readiness for the Silver Jubilee processions. The coach weighs 2½ tons, and was probably built about the year 1700 by Daniel Marot, the French designer who was responsible for much of the furniture and decorations at Hampton Court

AN UNPRECEDENTED INNOVATION: To commemorate the Silver Jubilee, the Home Office has sanctioned the addition of a special mark to hall-marked silver articles of British manufacture sold during 1935. This will consist of a design representing Their Majesties' heads in profile on an oval shield. *Left*—"MAY THE FORTUNE OF THE HOUSE ENDURE": The reverse side of one of the medals to be struck by the Royal Mint

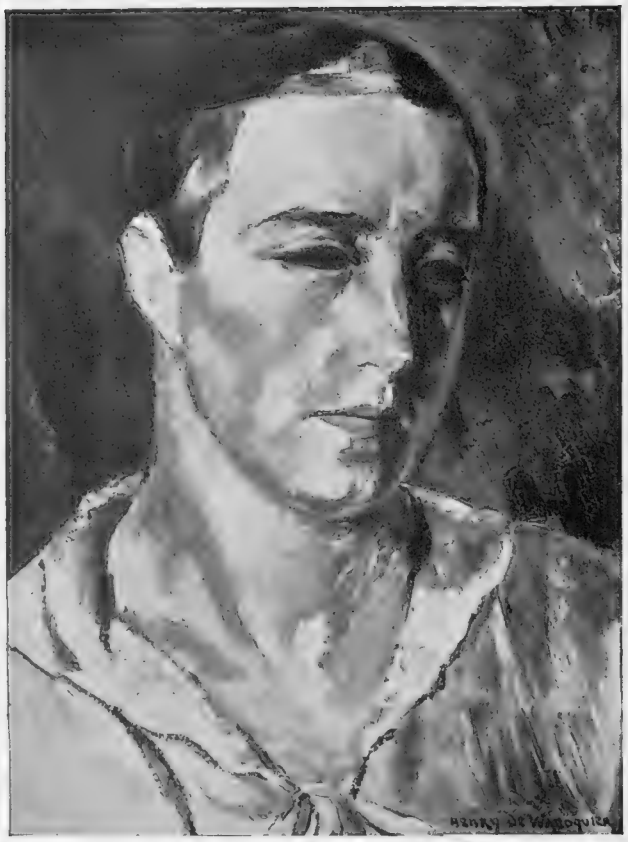
MEMENTOES IN THE MAKING: *Left*—Busts of the King and Queen being made at an Islington factory prior to being displayed at the British Industries Fair at Olympia. *Right*—Silver Jubilee cups in process of manufacture at Messrs. Clokie and Co.'s works at Castleford, Yorkshire. Carpets, handbags, and a host of other articles are now being designed to commemorate the twenty-five years of the King's reign, and an enormous demand is anticipated

THE L.N.E.R.'s WONDER LOCOMOTIVE IN FRANCE: The *Cock o' the North* which has recently been undergoing a series of elaborate tests at Vitry, seen at the Gare du Nord, Paris, where it was afterwards placed on exhibition and viewed by over 5,000 people in one day

A TIME-SAVER: This ingenious petrol-driven machine can cut through railway lines in five minutes—an operation that usually takes two hours

SPEED *on the* LINE

On right—MODERNITY IN THE EAST: The new streamlined express which has just been placed in service on the South Manchuria Railway, linking the port of Dairen with the City of Hsinking. It can make the run in two hours less time than the older types of locomotive



THIS MODERNISM: Two canvases now on exhibition at the Salon des Indépendants which recently opened in Paris. *Left*—"Figure à la Robe Verte," by Henry de Wároquier. *Right*—"Les Artilleurs," by Yves Brayer

Courtesy of "Apollo"

"THE BYAM FAMILY" BY GAINSBOROUGH: This fine example of the master's earlier manner in portraiture has just been brought to light, and has now been placed on loan in the Tate Gallery. It is the property of Mr. H. C. Hony, a descendant of the Byams

"MARIO": This bust of a quasi-Asiatic type is, according to the author of the article on this page, one of the few works now being exhibited at the Salon des Indépendants, which reveals real talent. The sculptor is British, but is at present working in Paris

"ENFANT AU LEZARD": One of the paintings by Marlette Lydis which has been on exhibition at the Leicester Galleries. The artist was born in Vienna and, although entirely self-taught, she has succeeded in achieving an international reputation

"DIANA": A canvas by Ferdinand Bol—a Dutch painter of the seventeenth century who was a pupil of Rembrandt—which has recently been auctioned at the Anderson Galleries, New York. It belongs to the artist's later period

ART EN MASSE

A Tour of the Salon des Indépendants—A Few Good Pictures amid a Host of Works of Mediocre and Inferior Quality

THIS year's Salon des Indepéndants, which recently opened at the Grand Palais is, as usual, a gigantic and very inferior exhibition. The fact that there are here three or four thousand so-called works of art to be seen is certainly no invitation to pass an interesting or pleasurable afternoon. One must always be courageous when "paying a visit," as they say, to the Paris Salon. It takes several hours to walk through the seemingly never-ending rooms of the Grand Palais, even glancing casually at the pictures, and two or three daily visits must be reckoned if one intends to view the exhibition with a certain attention.

It was with every earnest and well-meaning intention that I entered the huge building one early afternoon. Catalogue in hand I started off with enthusiastic energy. After an hour and a half of walking I found that I had glanced at about one thousand pictures, a third of the exhibition. It was just closing time when, in a stupor, I read the title of exhibit No. 3,720. I had been numb with cold during the past two-and-a-half hours and, after the first eight or nine hundred paintings, had wandered in a hazy survey of countless pictures.

The Salon des Indépendants is run on a no-jury system, is arranged alphabetically, and is open to all who wish to buy a wall space for exhibiting. The result of this is a hopeless mélange of little good and much bad art. So, when nowadays, so few artists of any international reputation even care to contribute a work, reviewing the Salon becomes more than tiring; it is tedious, so great are the number of paintings of second- and third-rate quality. It is a blessing, nevertheless, that in every seventh or eighth room a canvas approaching a first-rate quality may possibly be found. And there is consolation in the fact that so many are the pictures exhibited that there is a considerable range of subject and variation of technique for one, if prepared for it, to study.

Some real talent and several fairly good paintings are to be found in the first two rooms. A bust, entitled "Mario," a portrait of a fascinating quasi-Asiatic type, by Molyneux-Seel, the able British sculptor in Paris, is a worthy exhibit in the fourth room. "Dynamisme" (No. 1798, in Room 4), by Edward Judd, is typical of the poster type of painting which forever predominates, along with the superabundance of chocolate-box nudes. This canvas would serve admirably as an advertisement for the *Flying Scotsman!* "Les Poupées" (No. 1741, in Room 4), by Jean Janin, is a canvas by a young artist whose certain finesse and qualities of painting rank him among the few praiseworthy exhibitors at the Salon. "Les Mouettes" (No. 2307, in Room 7) would have well served its purpose as a decoration, during the Victorian era, for a gentleman's bathroom! While this may appear banal and unjust criticism, it is, nevertheless, an honest example of how the odd six-hundredth painting incites one to bitter judgment.

"Février, 1934" (No. 1872, in Room 7), by Emile Lafaye, is, at least, of conspicuous and dramatic subject. It is essentially a political painting, recalling the tragic happening in the Place de la Concorde on February 6 of last year. I am sure Carter's Seeds would have entertained the possibility of making use of the ambitious decoration of "Cinéraires" (No. 1936, in Room 8)! Two good paintings by Metzinger (Nos. 2459bis and 2459ter, in Room 9) rival Madeleine Luka's attractive tapestry for a screen as the best exhibit at this stage of the show. An impossible "Phébé and Boabdil"—the latter a Delacroix "gone wrong"—are, I am afraid to say, typical of the hopeless paintings of the Salon.

Room 10 abounds in distracting pre-Raphaelite art, and Room 11 mostly consists of a collection of crude nudes. "Toits" (No. 3,287, in Room 12), by Marguerite Sicard-Cerrina, is a clever study. "L'été" (No. 2,835, in the same room), by Poncelet, is representative of this artist's annual contribution; and "Tombé, Place de la Concorde, le 6 Février, 1934," is another dramatic rendering of last year's manifestation.

Having by this time viewed about 1,500 paintings, the mind develops an obstinate reaction and refuses to criticize while continuing to regard outstanding works of art in a dazed fashion. A fact not surprising, considering, as I afterwards reckoned, that I "remarked" the exhibits at the rate of twenty per minute!

"Femme Couchée" (No. 2679, in Room 13), by Parcouil, powerfully painted in a pleasing colour harmony, is a noteworthy study of foreshortening. "Les Avions" (No. 3359, in Room 14), by Paul Strecker, the able young German painter, is an original and well-treated piece of work. "Femmes sur un Balcon" (No. 3347, in the same room), by Léon Toublanc, shows promise of this young artist of whom much is hoped. "Figure à la Robe Verte" (No. 3651, in Room 18), by Henry de Wároquier, is decidedly the finest piece of portraiture in the whole show. So also is "Eglise d'Assise," by the same artist, one of the best landscapes; it is at once obvious that these have been carefully painted by a conscientious artist.

Alexander Walt.

THE NEW ROYAL RESIDENCE: Compton Place, the Duke of Devonshire's Eastbourne house, where the King and Queen will be staying until the Silver Jubilee celebrations begin

On left—COMFORT THE KEYNOTE: An alcove in one of the bedrooms at Compton Place. Numerous alterations have been made to the house during the past few months

PREPARED FOR GEORGE II: The principal bedroom in the house with an Italian ceiling put in by the Earl of Wilmington in anticipation of a Royal visit. Since November of last year the Queen has been personally superintending the work of alteration and, among other things, a new bathroom with a sun parlour has been installed

IN THE LIBRARY: The elaborately-designed chimney piece

THE KING'S WINTER RETREAT

Compton Place was rebuilt between 1726 and 1731 for Sir Spencer Compton, Earl of Wilmington, the third son of the third Earl of Northampton and a favourite of George II. It passed to the seventh Duke of Devonshire in 1858

A TALE OF THE SEA: The jacket design by Maitland de Gogorza of Mary Ellen Chase's novel, *Mary Peters*, which has been proving a best-seller in the United States and has just been published in England by Messrs. Collins. It tells the story of a seafaring family, and has as its heroine a girl who was born on a clipper ship off Singapore and for fifteen years was brought up and educated on her father's vessel. *Right*—The author

The World of Books

Middleton Murry Pushes Frankness to Embarrassing Limits in his Autobiography—Further Adventures of the Matriarch in G. B. Stern's Latest Novel

Reviewed by VERNON FANE

People write autobiographies for a variety of reasons; they publish them for the sufficient reason that they think there are other people who want to read them. There certainly is always a market for personalia. Every library assistant knows the subscriber who dislikes fiction, and seizes eagerly upon any form of reminiscence or memoir. He is more numerous than most people suppose. Perhaps, like Disraeli, he prefers "life without theory"; perhaps it is a nostalgia for the remembrance of things past, or maybe he finds that the truth men try to tell of themselves is stranger than their fictions.

There are all sorts of ways of writing an autobiography, ranging from the rambling and browsing among the pleasanter paths of memory to the soul-searching, strip-everything-naked methods of a frank exhibitionist.

I take it that most people read for entertainment. Pyschiatrists apart, the amount of entertainment to be obtained from the latter school depends upon the character and importance of the author.

Mr. John Middleton Murry, whose frankness about himself in BETWEEN TWO WORLDS (Cape. 10s. 6d.) is pushed to embarrassing limits, certainly has character. A select few may agree with his own presumption of importance. The world of letters has been variously informed of his life with Katherine Mansfield, who was touched with genius, and of his intimacy with that greater flame D. H. Lawrence. If from both these contacts Mr. Murry retires in emotional and intellectual disorder, and can only weave them into a pattern of general frustration and unconquerable inertia, his appointed confessor, the reader, has no other option than to grant him absolution.

So far as they touch (and they frequently do) persons greater than himself Mr. Murry's confessions have a decided interest. The rest, like most things naked and unadorned, has an insistent dreariness.

"A very old lady of indomitable spirit climbed out from the back of a car while it was held up in the traffic at Hammersmith Broadway." Maxine, who was driving, did not know what was happening until she saw the old lady being assisted into an omnibus going in the opposite direction, the conductor tenderly solicitous, and "all the inside passengers surging to their feet."

Then we know that Miss G. B. Stern's new novel, "SHINING AND FREE" (Heinemann. 7s. 6.) is to be as full of good reading as only a day in the life of the Matriarch can be. I am one who derives much pleasure from Miss Stern's writings, and those who agree will also confirm that she is at her best with her famous Rakonitz family, of which the Matriarch is the dominating and unforgettable creation.

Yet you need no previous introduction to enjoy this story. It is complete in itself and completely enjoyable. It is rich, florid, colourful, full of wit and laughter, of tenderness and tears, of a character on a grand scale perfectly dramatized into a story that marches triumphantly to an all-too-sudden end.

But is it the end? The Matriarch lives, and we implore Miss Stern to leave everything else alone, for new readers who, from this book, will be turning eagerly to the others, will soon be clamouring for new adventures like that memorable visit to Brighton.

MARY PETERS (Collins. 7s. 6d.) is a book which has had an immense success in the United States, and which has had a flying start, already, in England.

In a sense this popularity is deserved, because it is a straightforward and dignified piece of writing, and because it tells a credible, even an absorbing story. It is the long calm account of a long calm life in which tragedies are not ignored but patiently accepted, and in which a placid stoicism takes the place of feeling.

The author, Miss Mary Ellen Chase, comes from a seafaring family and knows the bleak Maine coast of which she writes, and its bleaker inhabitants. Her heroine is a girl who spends the first fifteen years of her life at sea, and keeps from that experience a rather inhuman sense of values and a deliberately realist point of view.

This detachment, which I feel the author would rather have us call fortitude, stands her in good stead, so that she is able to bear the agonizing death of her closest friend, the illness of her mother, the tragic end of her beloved brother, and finally the tragic death of her own husband, killed in a car accident with another woman.

The fact that this is not a sad book is both a tribute to Miss Chase's philosophic treatment and at the same time a defect, as if the author had applied the Roman matron's habit of mind to herself in writing.

Given a very hot summer in an airless valley, a pert, frivolous girl, her high-minded sister, and several acres of American vines, Mr. Benedict Thielen makes a very readable, and even moving story.

WOMEN IN THE SUN (Methuen, 7s. 6d.) is a study in character, or more exactly in the contrasts of character in two women who happen to be sisters, and the story lies in the gradual but complete exchange of personalities between them.

The circumstances which lead to this change were more convincing to me than the metamorphosis itself, which I could never quite believe, though it did strike me that it would be an excellent stage situation. Mr. Thielen writes with force and simplicity, though it is a rather studied simplicity, and occasionally irritating for that reason.

His dialogue, though, is excellent, and it is by itself a vindication of his Hemingway-esque style. Of the psalm-singing sister he writes:

"She was silent for a long time. Finally she said: 'I want people to be good, and simple, like Jesus was.'

'That would be very nice,' I said. 'Do you think you're that way?'"

The direct method has its charms.

There are some characters in fiction for whom we have such a friendly feeling that if their authors were sufficiently ill-advised to kill them off, they would immediately have to resurrect them to placate their indignant readers.

The best known example of this is, of course, Sherlock Holmes. There came a sad day when Sir Arthur Conan Doyle caused his otherwise brilliantly intelligent hero to fall over a Swiss precipice, and so, we all understood, to end his life. But it was not very long before a sequel was published, in which Sherlock Holmes was discovered clinging to a providential twig, halfway down that precipice, and indignant readers in their thousands were soothed.

The Scarlet Pimpernel was never killed, but like so many other old soldiers he "slowly faded away." Now we have a book which answers a possibly universal need, and tells us what happened to the Scarlet Pimpernel after the French Revolution.

A GAY ADVENTURER (John Long. 7s. 6d.) is an account of the life and exploits of Sir Percy Blakeney, Bart, by a "Mr. John Blakeney" who purports to be a descendant of the famous Sir Percy, and its only fault is a rather too ingenuous foreword by the Baroness Orczy.

Captain Garro Jones, described by his publishers as being "quite heedless of conventional taboos," has had a busy life, and has followed a number of professions with varying degrees of success.

In VENTURES AND VISIONS (Hutchinson. 18s.) he gives a buoyant and detailed account of that life, taking us briskly and confidently through the phases of machine-gunner, bank clerk, editor, fisherman, barrister, and Member of Parliament. His attitude to politics (or is it to politicians?) is amusingly illustrated by the Mark Twain quotation he has chosen to head a chapter on parliamentary atmosphere.

"Hain't we got all the fools in town on our side? And ain't that a big enough majority in any town?"

All the author's adventures and exploits are characterized by a certain perkiness, a freshness of outlook that is almost aggressively unconventional. This is an entertaining book, whether you agree with its views or not.

On page 334 of this issue will be found a complete index of published and yet to be published works of fiction, biography, autobiography, etc., received by THE SPHERE during the past few weeks.

A NOTABLE DISCOVERY: One of the two manuscript journals of Samuel Pepys which were recently brought to light by Mr. Arthur Bryant in the Pepys library at Magdalene College, Cambridge. They are both written in longhand and contain much interesting information relating to the Privy Council's inquiry into the affairs of the Navy Office in the winter of 1669-70, and reveal the King's appreciation of the administrative genius of the great diarist

A PRECIOUS AUTOGRAPH: The title page of one of the newly-discovered Pepys journals, showing the diarist's signature at the foot

Hauling Timber Under Difficulties in the North

IN RURAL ENGLAND

High-speed Tree-planting on an Essex Fruit Farm

LUMBERING IN YORKSHIRE: Hauling timber, which is being felled at Dob Park, up a muddy lane near Otley. This part of the county, it will be remembered, was recently involved in serious floods as a result of an abnormal rainfall and the consequent overflowing of the River Wharfe

AN INGENIOUS EXPEDIENT: Mr. George Edwick, an Essex fruitgrower, wanted to make nearly a thousand holes in which to plant fruit trees on his land, so, in order to save valuable time and the cost of doing the work with a spade, he resorted to blasting with gelignite. *Above*—Placing a two-ounce carton of gelignite in the ground. *Above on right*—An explosion

THE RESULT: *Above*—The holes, seen in this picture, which a labourer is employed in shaping round, were blasted out in less than an hour, whereas by ordinary methods the work would have taken two men at least two days. *Right*—Mr. Edwick with one of the fruit trees after it had been planted

THE CHANGING SILHOUETTE:

THE INFLUENCE OF THE JUBILEE REFLECTED IN THE COLLECTIONS OF ALL THE FAMOUS DESIGNERS

EVER susceptible to outside influences, the trend of current events can always be traced in the clothes that are made in Paris, for there it is recognized that clothes are actually a part of the life of every woman, and that they are not something that is quite incidental and outside the general scheme of her daily activities.

It would be surprising, indeed, if the Jubilee celebrations here had no effect upon the broad trend of fashion, and though the 1910 atmosphere does not in any way predominate, yet it does appear in a greater or lesser degree in every collection.

Another period that very definitely affects the clothes we shall wear during the next few months is that of the Regency; a fact that is due, it is said, to the popularity of *The Scarlet Pimpernel*.

As usual, there is infinite variety. But there most certainly *is* a very decided change in the day and evening silhouette. And, what is more, it is a greater change than we have had for several seasons.

LET us talk first of day clothes. Tailored suits are tremendously important, and they fall quite definitely into two main classes. Those that are almost classical in their simplicity—slender, waisted, with rounded fronts and neat revers, or with narrow belts and four pockets—and those that are very full and free and casual. It cannot be said that one is more popular than the other. It is purely a matter of taste. There are, of course, variations on these two main themes. Some of the slender suits have little pleated basques, or shaped tucks at the side back which make them stand out from the figure; while not a few of the very full coats are shaped to the waist, where there is a wide belt, beneath which the skirt flares outwards triumphantly.

Skirts are invariably slender. Some slits remain, chiefly in the centre back. Wraps are seen a good deal, as are gores: bias cut skirts are as popular as ever, and some have low groups of pleats at one side or at the back. Many of them are belted, sometimes with two pockets on the hips: and there is a tendency to cut them high above the waist. This line is shewn on the facing page, when the corselet skirt is turned back in two points which are faced with the black and white striped tie silk which makes the blouse. Worth does this slender and very practical suit, for which he uses a soft black self-striped woollen fabric, the coat having a scarf collar and front of the same striped silk. The loose sleeves should be noted, for they are greatly favoured.

The loose silhouette is seen in the same panel. This is one of Marcel Rochas' models, made in black and white tweed, the waisted coat lined with black, which is used again for the blouse. This coat fastens at the waist, and then stands out from the figure at a sharp angle.

The tweeds that are used for these suits are quite lovely. Molyneux uses pastel coloured tweeds for very simple suits, with matching blouses, and Creed has some exquisite three-toned checks which he uses for jackets, with plain skirts in one of the ground colours and blouses in another. He also launches scarves of soft chamois leather, with matching gloves.

AFTERNOON dresses and those we shall wear during the summer show much greater freedom of movement. The skirts are flared and flow softly from below the hips, while there is a marked feeling for draped necklines, for cleverly folded short sleeves, and for bloused effects. Actually, they range from the charmingly simple to the sophisticatedly demure. One of Jodelle's lovely printed models is seen in the centre of the facing page. It shows to perfection the gracious movement of the skirt, balanced by the soft folds about the neck and arms, and the printed crepe is one of the most charming of the new designs. It is in navy, patterned in white with touches of clear jade. She does an entirely new tunic line in the afternoon and evening, sometimes using an underskirt, and sometimes creating the same line by flat bias folds. It drops to a point which reaches the hem at the centre back and front, rising slightly at

PARIS CREATES A NEW LINE BY DAY AND FOR THE EVENING HOURS

each side and slanting outwards. With certain small patterned prints she uses a wide floral border to emphasise this line.

Rochas does circular skirts which fall straight away from the waist, and Heim does sprigged and checked "country maiden" frocks, very demure and pretty, with oblong necks filled in with vests of ruched pink net or chiffon.

Few full-length coats were shown. Most of the dresses had their own complementary capes or half-length jackets, but there were some redingotes, and some long coats that fitted across the back and flared ostentatiously at the sides and front, a reversal of this idea being those that were held flat in front by a belt which was worn with the dress and threaded through slits at the sides of the coat, which was aggressively full at the back.

Mainbocher did charming wraps in the printed crêpe de chines which he used for his dresses, lining them with black taffeta.

Rochas put extremely full hip-length jackets, in vivid prints, with simple little dark frocks.

FOR the evening the moulded silhouette, continuing to form a pointed train, is outnumbered in Paris by *robes de style* and by full-skirted models which are modified just sufficiently to make them wearable. In London, it should be noted, the very slender sheath-like gown is being shown in all the spring collections, and there is no doubt that its popularity is not yet likely to wane. One very good reason is that it is rather more suitable to the life we lead here than is a romantic and sweeping dress, though the beauty of these cannot be denied.

Lelong has one of the loveliest evening silhouettes, which he creates usually in taffeta—beyond any question the leading fabric for *robes de soir*. He wraps the front of the skirt closely about the figure, outlining the hips, and then lets the back sweep regally outwards in fan-shaped folds.

Mainbocher's exquisite line is seen in the sketch on the right of this page. Deliciously youthful, he makes such dresses as this in printed taffeta and in floral chiffons, lifting the skirt across the front, and placing a wreath of vivid flowers in the hair.

Molyneux does lace and chiffon picture frocks with all the skirt fullness gauged immediately below the waist, and thereafter falling in casual folds.

Shoulders are mostly covered, usually by twisted folds, but there are a number of dresses with the Victorian off-the-shoulder line, absolutely strapless, and boned from the waist.

HATS are fascinating, and are as varied as a woman's moods. There are little halo bonnets, worn right back on the head, and tiny Edwardian toques, with flat roses at the front, tilted well on to the forehead. Crowns are low and flat, and display no feeling for conventionality in shape, and brims are sometimes flat and very simply curved, or folded and cut in the most drastic manner.

Maria Guy's sun helmet is shown on the left. She makes it in fabrics to match the dress or suit with which it is being worn, tying a chiffon scarf in a contrasting colour round the crown. Surprising at first, it is actually extremely becoming, and certainly it would be comfortable to wear on very warm and sunny days.

Liliane Callet's light-weight straw is bound with dark gros grain, the brim curved across the front, with folded wings at the back. Marie Alphonsine's model shows the sharp lift at one side of the brim, with a flattened line across the back and the other side, which is so noticeable a feature of some of the best and most flattering of the new hats.

The new afternoon silhouette is seen in Jodelle's printed crêpe de chine dress, sketched above. Much more width at the hem, and much drapery above the waist. On the left is Rochas' waisted coat, flaring grandly thereafter; and Worth's slender suit with a striped silk front and scarf. Mainbocher's lovely evening silhouette is seen on the right. The lifted hem line and the floating back are most important

THE SCHEMER: Abigail Hill (Olga Lindo), who plans to succeed the Duchess of Marlborough as Queen Anne's favourite, attending to her Royal mistress's gouty foot. A scene from *Viceroy Sarah*, which is proving a great success at the Whitehall Theatre

INGRATITUDE: Captain Vanbrugh (Charles Hickman) and the Duchess of Marlborough (Irene Vanbrugh) who brings the penniless Abigail Hill to court, only to be supplanted by her and driven into retirement

BURLESQUE AT THE ADELPHI: Kathryn Hamil (left) whose skilful mimicry of Greta Garbo is one of the highlights of Clifford Whitley's polished revue, *Stop Press*, which began its run last week

DRAMA

"Man of Yesterday"—Thought-Provoking Entertainment at the St. Martin's: Owen Nares Excels in "Youth at the Helm": Brilliant Dancing, Tuneful Numbers, and Spectacular Effects in "Stop Press"

Those base members of a theatre audience who commit that abominable sin of drifting in to their chosen performance a quarter of an hour after the curtain has risen, will receive a merited shock, both at the St. Martin's Theatre and the Globe, if they do so.

I, who am a convicted sinner in that respect, congratulated myself thankfully that I was "on time" for the *Man of Yesterday* which has replaced the *Wind and the Rain*, so long an inhabitant of the St. Martin's. For otherwise, my naïve convincement that a playwright brings on his creatures with a view to the unimportance of the opening scene, and that it is his business in the second act to explain the first and lead up to the last, would have brought much ruin to me.

Concentration and attention are required for the performance of the *Man of Yesterday* from its first moment to its last.

Leslie Banks is the "Man of Yesterday." He is a casualty case in a hospital ward; he is a man of forty-one who remembers nothing after the previous shock of a wound received in the Battle of the Somme seventeen years previously.

His mentality slips back to its development at the age of twenty-four, and the intervening years of experience and maturing are wiped from his consciousness.

He does not remember adjusting himself, after demobilization, to civil life; he does not know—a clever touch—how to use the dial of a modern telephone, he does not know that by diligence and steadiness he has worked up to his position of under-manager to a West End bank, and that he has a wife (Gillian Lind) who has converted him to happy conventionality and prosperity.

He is, on the contrary, filled with a surging desire to ride out seeking romance. Adventure calls, and reverting to the frame of mind of the returned warrior from the battlefield, he reacts with great promptness to the first feminine face.

That is a weak spot in a play which has a serious trend and much food for thought in its creation. That first feminine face was that of the Sister in charge of the Casualty Ward in the big hospital to which he had been taken, unconscious, after some blow on the head which touched the formerly quiescent shrapnel still remaining in his skull. Ann Todd as the Sister was a fairy-tale of seventeen-year-old prettiness. Sisters in charge of wards are never seventeen, and seldom, by the time they have passed the years of the excessively hard work necessary, so attractive that a twenty-four-year-old gallant would do more than ask for aspirin, when under their care.

Since the whole point of the play is that the *Man of Yesterday* is the spirit of twenty-four imprisoned in forty-one-year-old flesh, and since there is stress laid upon his reaction from enforced male companionship, I doubt if such a "twenty-four" would choose such a woman as the ultimate love of his life, and persist in it.

It is quite feasible that his own wife might not appeal to him. Obviously he did not marry her at twenty-four. Oblivious in amnesia, he had not reached the stage of life when she did appeal to him, in the same way, as maturing, security became to him preferable to adventure.

But when he had seen himself in the mirror, and continued to do so, and knew himself as he had become, I do not believe that, as the play insists, he remained the gallant, adventurous, twenty-four. I am prepared to believe that he could find it difficult to adjust himself to suddenly changed conditions, but I am not prepared to believe that, convincing as Leslie Banks' rendering was, he continued seeing the grey hairs of his forty-one years, at least once daily, and did not very soon "grow up" to them.

C. V. France, as Sir George Rowland, the brain specialist, who endeavours to guard the "Man of Yesterday's" sanity, which hangs, as shock after shock comes upon him, delicately in the balance, gave a performance which must be seen to realise its perfection.

He conveys an atmosphere of Barrie—feyness, of age and wisdom, and wide kindliness, and an understanding, as much that of the priest (despite his "im"-moralising), as the healer.

In every respect *The Man of Yesterday* though it demands more thought than every play-goer is prepared to give, is worth it, if only for the later controversial and interesting conversation which it must provoke.

At the Globe.—This theatre offers a very different evening in Hubert Griffith's adaptation of a Viennese play.

Youth at the Helm requires its review from the neat pen of Pamela Frankau, whose witty comprehension of banking and bank managers is so delicately exhaustive and so illuminating.

Only Hubert Griffith has equalled her impish delight in turning all the portentous and ledgered solemnity and grandeur of banking into something which is hysterically funny.

Only Pamela Frankau has seen the humorous side of an overdrawn banking account; Hubert Griffith has provided us with a further glimpse of accountancy and system which should brace any spine in a financial interview.

The play is, of course, utter nonsense. But such delicious nonsense! The foundations of the British Empire would rock, if it were not nonsense!

Consider our solid, hewnstone Banks! And all the grilles and bolts and bars and uniforms, and the formalities, with which "they" guard the money we have not got, and prevent us with honeyed

Reviewed by PRINCESS PAUL TROUBETZKOY

A QUESTION OF TIME: Two episodes from *Man of Yesterday*, the play at the St. Martin's about a man who, having been injured in a street accident, recovers consciousness but does not remember anything that has happened to him since he was wounded on the Somme, seventeen years previously. Mentally he becomes young again and longs for romance and adventure. *Left*—H. G. Stoker as the surgeon, Leslie Banks as James Brett, and Ann Todd as Nurse Lindon. *Right*—Brett recognizes his friend Laurence (Allan Jeayes) but cannot understand why he has grown older so quickly

plausibility drawing upon that of our neighbours!

And a young man from nowhere, finding himself without work, insinuating himself past all that Cerberus solidity, and settling himself at a most efficient desk to invent a mythical scheme which, in the end, the Bank finds itself carrying out?

It *must* be nonsense. It would be an awful thought if, behind those terrific frontages, where black coats above striped trousers walk with measured tread, where there is the holy hush which denotes the respect for the Ultimate Importance, bluff could count!

I have heard it said that, though getting an extra cheque cashed may be uncertain, *if* you can owe a bank a million, it raises no difficulties over lending you another million or two—or perhaps three—you are, as it were, established securely upon their books. You are *known*.

Something of that sort of principle established Owen Nares, as Randolph Warrender, on the books of his self-chosen bank. Once on them, he stayed on them!

Au fond, *Youth at the Helm* is an adult rendering of Richard Whittington, only the cat was missing. Into the bank turned Randolph Warrender, penniless and starving, working at red-hot speed, on social cocktails and no salary, for the bank's benefit. So when the bank realized his selfless thought for it, and his value, gratefully it gave him the lily-white hand of the president's daughter and a nice, fat directorate.

Owen Nares carried on this very amusing farce at a break-neck speed. He made it plausible, and invested it with a certain romantic charm. Kay Hammond, his self-appointed typist, contributed much to the nonsensical humour, and was perfectly cast. Alastair Sim, the sinister, prowling Managing Director, was unctuous in the most convincing manner. (To him, one knew, one would attribute any financial rebuff, conveyed by a sympathetic but firm cashier. I am sure that he exists in the flesh, that slinking Mr. Ponsonby—numbers of him!)

C. E. Clarence, Walter Hudd, C. M. Hallard, have all good parts which they must enjoy playing, while Adele Dixon wears some very smart clothes, and looks and is, a very satisfactory reward of young Warrender's consummate bluff.

Mr. Clifford Whitley, presenting *Stop Press* at the Adelphi, in a foreword on the programme, writes that he is endeavouring to bring back Revue, in the real sense of the word, and to give the stage's reflection of events past, present, and future, and a satire on everyday occurrences.

Satire is hardly the word which applies to the results. *Stop Press* contains such examples of execrable taste that I watched in wonderment considering what trivialities inspire the censor's blue pencil, while reminding myself that American humour so seldom translates into the English language.

No one who has had, as I have, the privilege of meeting Bernard Shaw, who has known the spell of his wisdom, and the charm of his serene and strangely youthful face, could fail to take offence at one of the early sketches in the revue, "Epstein Commissioned by Shaw," by Greatrex Newman. The great may be caricatured with cleverness; they may not be offered cheap rudeness.

The real Press has devoted sufficient space to the domestic affairs of a certain young couple; is it necessary in *Stop Press* to pillory their marriage, with even a reminder of the head-dress the bride wore for the ceremony?

After that, the appearance and deportment of Mr. Teddy Underdown was as welcome and as refreshing as sprayed eau de Cologne. One was back in England again! Thanks to him, one recovered one's good humour.

From that moment, also, the revue progresses into some brilliant dancing, tuneful numbers, and spectacular effects. The Mirror dance is, to my mind, the cleverest and most beautiful illusion put on the stage since the *Under the Sea* ballet which delighted Parisian audiences some years ago.

Mr. Hassard Short, to whom the lighting effects are due, can be truly described, as Mr. Whitley does, as one of the greatest creative geniuses in the theatre world.

Kathryn Hamil also deserves quite a word of praise for her "Garbo." She was in fact very like "The Garbo" for at least five minutes.

Stop Press requires speeding up and considerable cutting and, possibly, less of Mr. Sam Harris' "As Thousands Cheer," upon which the show is founded, and more of *Stop Press*. It should then run to many editions, for despite my disparagement, it is a very good show in many ways.

Early Life of Edward Barrett.—

A few weeks ago, in reviewing *The Barretts of Wimpole Street*, I hesitantly wondered if Wilfred Lawson's rendering of Papa did not make him some twenty-five years ahead of his time, in view of the youth of Victoria.

I received from America an explanation which bears out Wilfred Lawson's performance, which I have not found in English books of biographical reference, and which I find interesting.

My anonymous correspondent, who has obviously taken great interest in the Barretts, writes that Papa came of a family which had been for nearly a hundred years sugar planters and *slave owners* in Jamaica; that he was born there, surrounded by obedient slaves, and brought to England at the age of ten, when autocratic and tyrannical habits were firmly fixed in a mind more adolescent, owing to climatic conditions, than usual at such an age.

Research had led me no further back in Edward Barrett's life than his ownership of Coxhoe Hall, Hertfordshire, where he had led, I had presumed, the life of an English country gentleman of that period. Such early history accounts for much! He doubtless missed his slaves!

A HOSPITAL ROMANCE: James Brett (Leslie Banks) and Nurse Lindon (Ann Todd), the sister in charge of the casualty ward with whom he falls desperately in love. He does not remember that before his accident he was happily married

EASTER PARADE IN HYDE PARK, 1879: The final scene in *Stop Press* which, according to our reviewer, should enjoy a long run in spite of the fact that it needs speeding up and considerable cutting

TRAVEL:

A LONG WEEK-END IN THREE BELGIAN CITIES—WHAT TO SEE IN ANTWERP, BRUSSELS, AND MALINES

In view of the great Brussels Exhibition which takes place between April 27 and October and which is certain to attract a large number of visitors from this country, the following notes are of particular interest and will serve to give intending travellers an idea of what is most worth seeing in Antwerp, Brussels, and Malines. An article on the exhibition itself will appear in next week's "Sphere"

BELGIUM is divided into three definite districts, all of which have their particular attractions—the ever-popular coast with its magnificent opportunities for bathing and sport of all kinds; the Lowlands, filled with cities rich in antiquity, such as Antwerp, Ghent, Malines, Bruges, and Brussels; and the hilly district of the Ardennes, where the most beautiful natural scenery is to be found. The Ardennes call for a much longer stay than a week-end, so that the choice lies between the coast and historic towns.

Many will find the lure of the ancient cities irresistible. Antwerp, Malines, and Brussels—what a wealth of history and art they conjure up! From the deck of the steamer one surveys the winding Scheldt until at last Antwerp outlined across the low-lying land comes into sight, and the ship finally moors at the L.N.E.R. quay about half-past eight.

A CITY IN SILHOUETTE: A view of Antwerp from the River Scheldt, showing the stately tower of the Cathedral of Notre Dame and the modern skyscraper which has recently been erected near it

A recent itinerary proved that it is convenient to spend Saturday at Malines, the Canterbury of Belgium, but a place somewhat neglected by the usual tourists who hurry on to better-known and more photographed towns. Being a junction for most of the railways of Belgium it is a busy station. Multitudes of bicycles near the *consigne des baggages* indicate some special congestion in the town; the occasion is the Saturday market in the Grande Place. Every inch of the Square is filled;

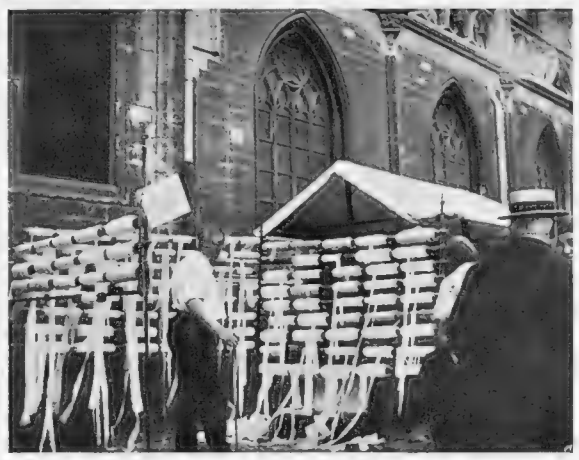
ON THE RIVER DYLE: A picturesque corner of Malines—a city which suffered severely during the early days of the Great War, but which still retains its medieval charm

pots and pans are spead out on the cobbles. Above the clamour of the ever-moving crowd, and the densely-packed booths, rises the tall, majestic tower of the Cathedral of St. Rombold, serenely lovely in its Gothic beauty. At one's side is a lovely old building, once the Cloth Hall, the lower part being of medieval date, and the upper structure, with its turrets, belonging to the sixteenth century. At the south door of the cathedral a lace merchant is busily displaying his wares, measuring off lace with his yard stick, and singing lustily when trade is slack.

Life-size figures of the Twelve Apostles adorn the pillars of the nave of the Cathedral. There are also some quaint pictures depicting scenes in the life of St. Rombold, the martyred Bishop of Malines, at whose shrine many miracles were performed, and there is also a picture of the crucifixion by Van Dyck. Besides the Cathedral there are many interesting churches in Malines; but perhaps more interesting still are the old houses to be found along the quaysides of the River Dyle, which runs through the town, crossed by many bridges. Some of these houses are of stone, of Renaissance date; others are wooden-fronted, elaborately carved. For the artist these quays are full of interest, recalling the canvases of Canaletto.

To set about seeing a great city such as Brussels in a day is a serious problem, and the wisest thing is to determine upon the sights you particularly wish to visit, unique to that city, and to leave the other points of interest for such time and physical energy as may remain. At the Cinquantenaire Park you find the *Musée des Antiquités*, installed in part of the exhibition building of 1897. The tram seems to circumnavigate all Brussels before it lands one close to the park, situated in the Upper Town, where the well-to-do residents live and where the Royal Palace, the House of Representatives, Palais de Justice, and Palais des Beaux-Arts are to be found. Within the museum are the results of the exploration by Belgian archæologists of the town of Apamée near Antioch, in Syria. The reconstruction of a section of a fine colonnaded street is on a scale seldom attempted in museums, and as the visitor walks down the centre of the street a real sense of the splendour of this Roman provincial city of A.D. 150–200 is gained.

The second special objective on this occasion was to discover if anything was left of the *Pensionnat Héger*, to which Charlotte and Emily Brontë came in 1842 to study French with the object of starting a school at Haworth. The Rue d'Isabelle, which lay at the foot of some flights of steps leading from the Rue Royale has alas! been swept away by modern reconstruction.



IN THE SHADOW OF ST. ROMBOLD: A Mechlin lace vendor of Malines

All trace of the school dear to Brontë enthusiasts has vanished. Gone is every sign of the old garden so fully described in *Villette*, not a tree of the orchard remained, not a shrub of *l'allée défendue*, the shady path forbidden to the schoolgirls—all has vanished, and the site lies vacant awaiting some projected building. Even the very name of the street has been changed to the Rue Ravenstein. But the church of St. Gudule, often visited by Charlotte Brontë, staunch Protestant though she was, lies close by. Let us try that.

It was in this austerely beautiful church that she made her one and only confession—the strangest episode in her tragic story. She tells of it herself in a letter to Emily, (writing the incident more fully in *Villette*), describing her loneliness during the holidays, and how after walking the streets of Brussels she had dropped into the church for rest. The desire to speak to someone drew her to the confessional box, and soon she was pouring out to the astonished priest her hidden story. The church of Saint Gudule, "an old solemn church, its pervading gloom not gilded but purpled by light through stained glass" as we are told in *Villette*, seems to be the sole remaining link with Charlotte Brontë in Brussels.

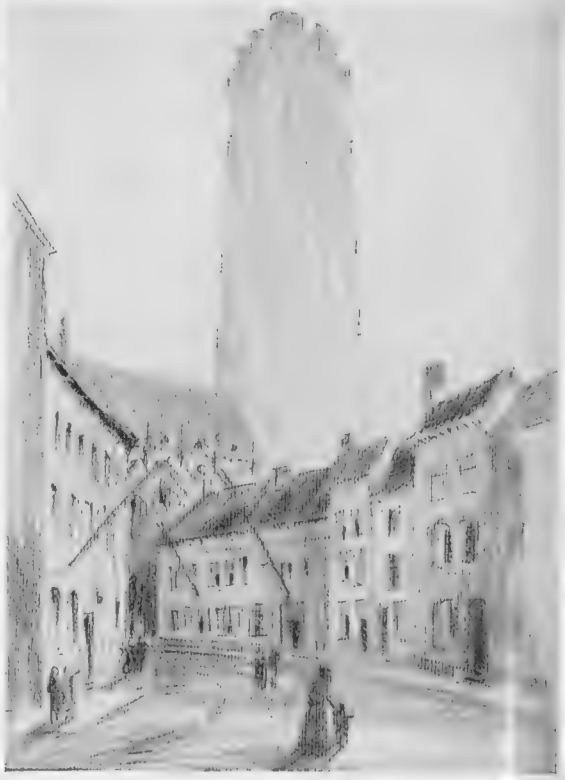
The Grande Place, with its picturesque sixteenth- and seventeenth-century houses, the most historic centre of Brussels, well preserved by the municipality must be visited; and as much time as you can spare should be spent among the pictures in the Palais des Beaux-Arts.

AT the SERVICE of our READERS

"The Sphere's" Bureau of Travel Information

The Editor begs to remind his readers that the services of "The Sphere's" Travel Bureau are fully at their disposal. Enquiries addressed Travel Bureau, Offices of "The Sphere," 346, Strand, W.C.2, will be promptly answered

Monday can be given up to Antwerp, arriving there about half past ten in the morning. Of course one visits the Plantin Museum, the old house which gives such an authentic picture of the home of a wealthy citizen of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. Christopher Plantin was a famous printer, a contemporary of Rubens, who carried on his business in this actual house. The printing works continued until 1876, when the building and all its contents, of furniture, pictures and tapestry were purchased by the City of Antwerp.



Drawings by Percy Home

IN THE CANTERBURY OF BELGIUM: The massive tower of the Cathedral of St. Rombold dominating the houses of Malines

The cathedral of Notre Dame in the Place Verte, not far from the Plantin Museum, is said to be the most beautiful Gothic church in Belgium, and is remarkable for its many aisles, the way in which the fluted columns taper upwards without capitals, and for Ruben's famous picture, "The Descent from the Cross." It is difficult to go anywhere in Antwerp without finding the hand of Rubens, that true son of the city who was born and died there, and who with exuberant energy, delighted in covering great canvases. Nearly every church has one or more pictures, and there is a large collection of his works in the *Musée Royal*. At six o'clock the steamer is once more swinging down the shining Scheldt, past the city which is now so much more familiar, with the tall steeple of Notre Dame standing out above all the buildings, with the exception of the modern skyscraper, representing the spirit of progress, which rises in close proximity.

B. H

OLD BRUSSELS: A corner of the Grande Place, a square of many historic associations. It was here that Counts Egmont and Horn were executed in June 1568, by order of the Duke of Alva

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"Company opened Monday—British Ambassador attended with party. Afterwards entertained principals and staff to supper at Embassy. Sold out for week. Every city madly enthusiastic." This telegram was sent to us last week by the D'Oyly Carte Opera Company which is now engaged on a most successful American tour. They are due back in England in May

DOLLS MADE BY A GILBERT AND SULLIVAN FAN: That on the left represents Sir Henry Lytton as Ko-Ko, that on the right is of Charles Goulding as Nanki-Poo

Below—TWO WISE BIRDS: Martyn Green as the Lord High Chancellor, and the owl in *Iolanthe*

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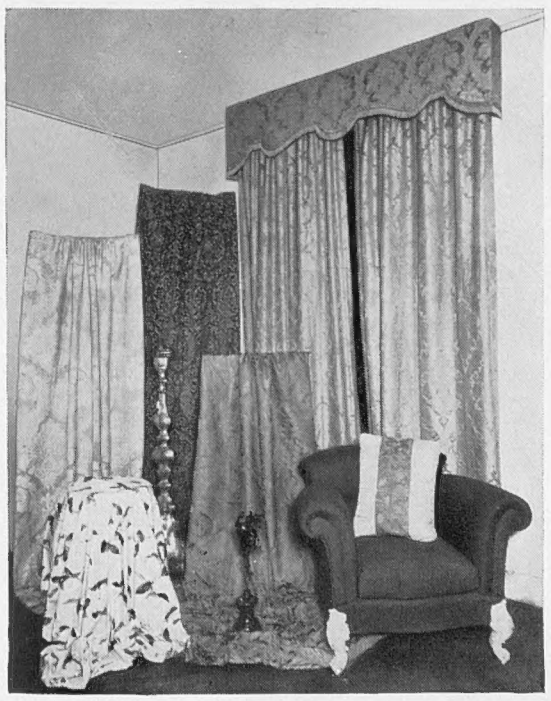

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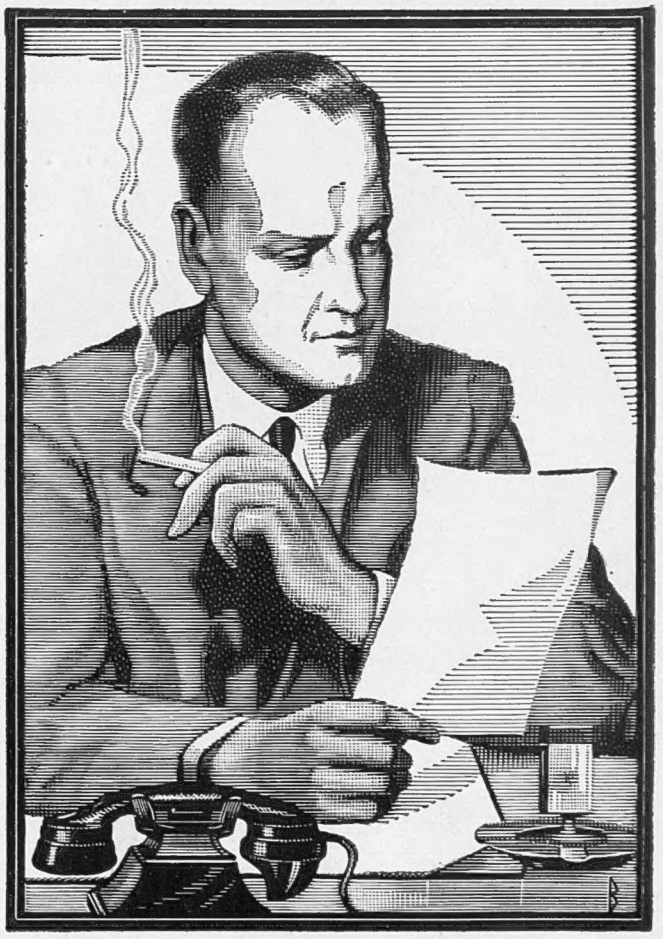

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"THE TRIAL OF GOETHE": A performance by Paul Brann's Munich Marionettes which are now appearing with great success at the Arts Theatre, Great Newport Street. *Below*—Paul Brann

A GLUT OF GOLD *(Continued from p. 308)*

been premature. They had thought to establish a new international order on a gold basis. It was the wrong approach. First, internal equilibrium has to be established in the major countries. Then, an international equilibrium has to be achieved. International debt problems also have to be cleaned up, to stop a drain which took £800,000,000 of gold out of England to pay the American debt.

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But a gold slump seems quite a way off, and it certainly will not come while Roosevelt is experimenting, and the world is disorganized, and Europe fears a new war. Meantime, new gold discoveries and higher output cannot do their job of bringing relief to the world, because the new metal coming into the market is not put to a normal monetary use, but is absorbed and frozen away by hoarding central banks, big speculators, and frightened capitalists.

C. Patrick Thompson

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TRAVEL NOTES of the WEEK

Answers to Enquirers

McB., Berks (U.S.A.).—The return 1st class fare from Southampton to New York by the Cunard White Star Line ranges from £83 15s., and by the North German Lloyd Line from £91. British passports must be viséd by the United States Consul, the charge for the visa being 10 dollars. Each visitor to the United States must pay a head-tax of £1 12s., which is later refunded, provided the stay in that country does not exceed sixty days. One of the leading hotels, and also the newest in New York City, is the Waldorf Astoria. Equally good hotels are the Savoy-Plaza and the Plaza. At these three hotels a double room could be had for from 10 to 14 dollars per day. A very comfortable hotel and more reasonable in price is the New Weston, Madison Avenue, and 49th Street, where terms for a double-room range from 8 to 10 dollars per day. There are at present about 5 dollars to the £.

K., Edinburgh (Spain).—A two weeks' holiday in Spain, with Gibraltar as the port of arrival and departure, could be spent as follows: four days in Seville, one day in Ronda, two days in Malaga, and two days in Granada. This does not include the days which will be spent making the journeys from one town to another. These four towns lie at awkward cross-country train journeys from one another, and you would find it much more convenient to travel by motor-coach. The journey from Algeciras to Seville takes five-and-a-half hours, from Seville to Ronda four-and-a-half hours, from Ronda to Malaga five hours, and from Malaga to Granada about six hours. From Granada to Algeciras it would be better to make the three-hour journey from the former town to Bobadilla, spend the night there, and pick up the express train to Algeciras early the next morning. The climate of southern Spain during April is delightfully warm and sunny, this month being considered the best in which to visit Seville and Granada.

B., Cumberland (Greece).—The single first-class fare from Marseilles to Piræus by Greek Line steamer is £16 12s., the return fare being £30. These fares apply to the S.S. *Patris*, the fares by the S.S. *Andros* being very slightly lower. You will find it hot, though not excessively so, in the south of the Peloponnesus, during May, and you should not be troubled with mosquitoes. May is, however, the latest month during which the climate would render a visit there pleasant. The village of Mistra, which is built on the ruins of the medieval town of that name, has no accommodations for tourists, so that you would have to stay in Sparta (Hotel Mistras) which is only about three miles distant. Sparta is attractively situated on hills, but in a somewhat unhealthy position. The drinking water is polluted, and fever is prevalent during the summer months.

Hints to Travellers

SEA-BATHING IN RURAL ENGLAND.

Droitwich Spa, which lies in the heart of Worcestershire and is well known as a resort for taking the "cure," will soon become equally famous for its sea-bathing facilities. This will be achieved through a complete sea-bathing Lido, which is at present in course of construction and which will be completed by Whitsun. It will consist of a large swimming bath, 130 ft. long by 60 ft. wide and 10 ft. deep at the deep end. Sand beaches will be provided for the use of children, and special facilities will be employed to enable them to bathe in safety. The Lido will be modern in every conceivable way and will possess a ballroom, a dance orchestra, a café, and terraces. The water in the Lido's swimming bath will be of the same consistency as sea-water, and thus bathers will be able to enjoy themselves with the thought that they are completely free from any dangers of infection.

At the Service of Our Readers

"The Sphere's" Bureau of Travel Information

The Editor begs to remind his readers that the services of "The Sphere's" Travel Bureau are fully at their disposal. Enquiries addressed Travel Bureau, Offices of "The Sphere," 346, Strand, W.C.2, will be promptly answered

CONTINENTAL HOTELS

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BELGIUM.

Antwerp.—Grand Hotel de Londres.—Best position in town. Highest service at reasonable rates. Tels.: Lonhotel, Anvers.

Le Zoute—Knocke.—The Golf Hotel.—"Always Open." Inclusive Winter terms, 10/-.

FRANCE.

Paris.—Gd. Hotel & Restaurant du Pavillon. 36, rue de l'Echiquier, nr. Opera. Write for partics. "The only one-price Hotel in town."

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Nice.—Atlantic Hotel.—First-class, 200 rms. Own Gar. with lock-ups. Attr. terms. Annexe: Hotel Adelphi. Rms. fr. Frs. 25. Entir. renov.

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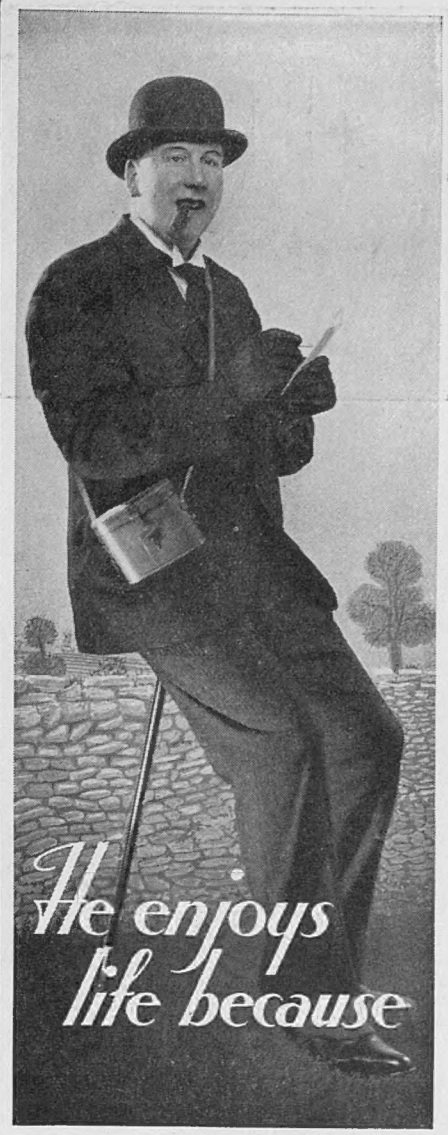

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